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Together

Feeding Hungry Men

In color: *Pakistan*

How to Argue Against Gambling

the Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

January 1961



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DREW THEO. SEMINARY
MADISON

American Methodism's first missionary:

He Came a Singing!

"SING MORE!"

That message, signaled by grunts and grins, welcomed John Stewart to campfire circles of the Wyandot Indians at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, in 1816. They couldn't have known it, but American Methodism's long record of missionary outreach would start from that event—for it led, three years later, to establishment of the Missionary and Bible Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

John Stewart was an unlikely candidate for greatness. He was a reformed drunkard, half-educated, and only recently had been converted at a Methodist camp meeting in roistering Marietta. But he had a sweet tenor voice and loved to sing hymns and spirituals learned back in Virginia, where he had been born of French-Negro-Indian stock. Roman Catholic "black robes" had been accepted, then driven out, by the capricious, often-drunk Wyandots. They wanted nothing of Christianity—until John Stewart came a singing.

Lilting spirituals needed no translator, but Stewart's exhortations did. Fortunately, William Walker, a government Indian subagent, persuaded Jonathan Poynter, a Negro reared by the Wyandots, to interpret for the evangelist. Soon Stewart was reaping converts, including Poynter and several chiefs. By 1819, when Stewart finally got a local preacher's license, other ministers were volunteering to help.

But the sweet-voiced mulatto had sung his way into Wyandot hearts. He died in 1823, yet the Indians didn't forget him 20 years later when they touched pen to a treaty assigning them to new homes in Kansas. At their request, the mission church, built in 1824, was forever to be held by the Methodist Episcopal Church.

You can see it today, that little stone church with its two hallowed acres. It is one of Methodism's 10 official shrines, so named by the 1960 General Conference [see the *Methodist Americana Map*, November, 1959, page 61]. Had you been at Upper Sandusky last September 25, you would have witnessed a reverent ceremony in which a plaque was dedicated to the Methodist troubador who sleeps in the churchyard. Not forgotten is his golden voice, which a century and a half ago loosed the chain reaction of events that led American followers of John Wesley to translate into action his dictum: "I look upon all the world as my parish."

It was harvest-festival time in the Wyandot country when Stewart came to sing and tell the story of Christ. Eight years later the open shelter in the painting was replaced by a mission church, shown (left) as it stands today.





January Etchings

*January days are blue and gray
And sometimes silver-white—
Etchings of reality,
Phantoms of delight.*

*Scenes from farthest winter clime
Where mornings briskly bow,
Steel shadows spar with glints of sky,
Frosts furrow hillside's brow.*

*Treetop ladies standing tall,
Severe in stark gray gowns,
Hold heads aloft in snowcap clouds
About to shawl chill towns.*

*Boy-high bushes bending low
'Gainst razor winds' sharp whims
Can scarcely wait for new snow suits
To cover shivering limbs.*

*Rain maidens buddle flameless fires,
Then, twinkling, disappear—
As dazzling Cinderellas dance,
Sparks diamond each glass tear.*

*Down from celestial flocks of geese
Floats over vale and crest,
Tucks drowsy baby seeds snug deep
In feather beds to nest.*

*Barefooted beggar birds give plaint
To smug fur-coated squirrels
Who feast, then frolic in sweet dreams
Of greening lace-leaf furls.*

*Invading sunbeams ply their trade
With bright bewitching gleams,
While weary woods-life guards all snore
By ice-imprisoned streams.*

*January days are blue and gray
And sometimes silver-white—
For oft ere velvet days are done
They're cloaked in shades of night*

*And bonneted in moon-glazed silk,
Star crystal gem-bedight—
Etchings of reality,
Phantoms of delight!*

—EMMA BLOSSER HARTZLER





*Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.*

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

SOMETIMES the story behind a story can be pretty important, too. That's one reason the history of Methodism in America is so endlessly appealing. Take, for example, this month's second cover (pages 2 and 3). It describes how one John Stewart started, among the Wyandot Indians in the wilds of northern Ohio, the first mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Well, had it not been for a Princeton-educated missionary-minister, the Rev. James Finley, Stewart's story might have been lost forever in the mists of time. For it was Finley who joined Stewart in the Upper Sandusky country in 1821 to give standing and a sure future to the latter's beginning missionary program. He told Stewart's story in a book published 120 years ago.

When Finley arrived, winter was coming on. His family was exposed, without shelter, in Indian country. What could a soft-handed, scholarly minister do about that? "We commenced getting logs to put us up a shelter," Finley wrote. "We worked almost day and night until the skin came off the inside of my hands. I took oak bark, boiled it, and washed my hands in the decoction, and they soon got well, and became hard. . . . On the very day that snow began to fall, we moved into it [the shelter]. . . ."

Sometimes, when you've established a base of operations in history, a story keeps growing—often a long time after it is set in type. We had noted, in our research about Stewart, that the Wyandots were moved west by the U.S. government in 1843. Of the 700 who made the sad journey, half were members of the mission church served in years past by such men as Stewart and Finley. Then, only yesterday, while thumbing through a book of very old folk songs, we ran across one titled: *The Wyandot's Farewell Song*, a lament which has an almost hymnlike quality. Here's one stanza which expresses one Wyandot's appreciation of our missionary work, as well as his sadness over being forced from his home:

*Farewell, my white friends who first taught me
to pray and worship my Maker and Savior each day;
Oh, pray for the native whose eyes overflow with
tears at our parting. Alas! I must go.*

Our Cover: It's from Walter O. Rutz of North Braddock, Pa., and was picked months ago with political impartiality. Our choice fell on a young man who was assumed to be pondering the four years ahead—but whether he viewed the past with alarm or pointed with pride, deponent knoweth not. . . . A new-year baby on the January cover has become traditional with TOGETHER. That reminds us . . . Why don't you let us have a look at your favorite baby, too? If you accept this suggestion, send a color transparency (not a print). We'll take good care of your photo and will return it.—YOUR EDITORS

Together

JANUARY, 1961

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

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Letters

Meant Much to Senior Citizens

J. BOND JOHNSON, *Pastor*
Los Angeles, Calif.

Congratulations on your *Sunset Issue* [November]. As the pastor of a downtown church comprised chiefly of senior citizens, I know how much it means to them to be given special recognition.

Too seldom do our older folks find evidence that anyone really cares about them.

His Verdict: Magnifique!

OLIN E. OESCHGER, *Gen. Secy.*
Meth. Bd. of Hospitals and Homes
Chicago, Ill.

The November issue of *TOGETHER* is *MAGNIFIQUE!* Congratulations to you and your staff on its production.

You strike so many splendid notes regarding the needs and "hungers of the heart" of our senior citizens, as well as the opportunities, obligations, and premium privileges which are theirs.

The need for additional facilities, services, and programs for older persons is recognized across the nation. This urgent need continues as a major concern of The Methodist Church.

You have the wholehearted thanks of the Board of Hospitals and Homes for your warm and understanding presentation of so many exciting factors involved in the mature years.

No Sugar at Sunset?

NORMAN S. NADEL
Drama, Music Critic
Columbus Citizen-Journal
Columbus, Ohio

Congratulations on the concept and execution of your November issue. You treated the theme of advanced age without sentimentality, but with affection, respect, and good sense. Illustrations, layout, selection of story material—everything made it a memorable issue of a generally admirable magazine.

Liked November Cover

MRS. WILL SNAPP
Lexington, Ky.

When I look at the sunset pictures in your November issue [page 57-64], I think again of the last verse of a poem Emily Dickinson wrote about the sun:

*But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls*

*Were climbing all the while
Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.*

I liked the cover picture best of all. The sky reminds you that day is ending, but the child is our assurance that life goes on.

Appreciated *Sunset Issue*

O. L. THOMPSON
Kansas City, Mo.

Congratulations on the November issue of *TOGETHER*! This is one of the finest issues of our church magazine and is deserving of the most earnest commendation, the most careful study, and the best-treasured place in home and church libraries.

In the church's eagerness to recruit candidates for the ministry, I have felt that it has not given sufficient emphasis to the older, experienced soldiers of the cross now in their declining years. I say this out of experience as one of them, but humbly.

An Authority Comments

KARL P. MEISTER, *Consultant*
Meth. Bd. of Hospitals and Homes
Elyria, Ohio

I have been connected with the problems of the aging every year since 1930 except for three years spent as a district superintendent. As a pioneer in this field, I can say your November issue is the finest edition of any magazine I've seen on the subject. It's something I have looked forward to for years!

We especially appreciate Dr. Meister's verdict, for we're mindful of his 12 years as head of the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes. His tireless work, also, on the planning committee for the White House Conference on Aging has been praised by many.

The conference is scheduled for January 9-12 in Washington, D.C., and will be attended by delegates from all 50 states.—Eds.

For Compulsory Retirement

HARRY A. PRICE, *Pastor*
Baltimore, Md.

A few comments on *Compulsory Retirement at a Fixed Age?* [November, page 29]:

Almost everybody feels that retire-

ment at a fixed age is good—for other people. It's when it's for oneself that one develops a blind spot. I'm thinking now of ministers, because I know them better than any other group.

First, when a minister over 70 says, "I'm as good as I ever was," I'm afraid he's trying mainly to convince himself.

Second, it's between 65 and 72 that a man most frequently runs into difficulties with the appointive system. It's then that pastoral-relations committees are likely to say, "We need a younger man for our situation."

Finally, a man who retires at 65 can go somewhere and start a new life in a new situation. As an "occasional" preacher, he'll probably have more calls than he can handle. To make this adjustment after 72 is difficult, if not impossible.

Retirement should be a grand experience. For the man who asks for it voluntarily at a comparatively early age, it is almost sure to be just that.

Methodists Live Longer, But—

EARL C. JEFFREY, *Vice-President*
Amer. Business Men's Research Fdn.
Chicago, Ill.

May I point out an error in *Why Methodists Live Longer* [November, page 35]? You attribute to Dean Walter G. Muelder the statement, "The percentage of Methodists 75 years of age and over is 40 per cent higher than the percentage in the total U.S. population 75 years of age and over."

Boston University's original press release also used the age of 75. In conferring with Dr. Herbert E. Stotts, however, who compiled the data from which the release was prepared, I learned that no data at all had been collected which permitted an age grouping of "75 and over." In all probability, the mistake was a typing error.

But the point of longevity for Methodists—a large percentage of whom are total abstainers—becomes even more valid when "age 75" is corrected to "age 45."

Just for Senior Citizens?

ANDREW PALLFELT
Auburn, Wash.

Regarding *Uncle Sam's Helping Hand* [November, page 20], I must voice a strong criticism. Am I supposed to believe that all the branches of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare are organized mostly for the benefit of us older people? I have always been of the opinion they were for the benefit of people of all ages.

In the second place: After 25 years of Social Security and 23 years of effective Railroad Retirement, it is inexcusable for anyone who writes about them not to know that both are financed by an employer-employee joint payroll tax, and that both sys-

tems are entirely self-supporting and not dependent on any of Uncle Sam's income.

Mr. Pallfelt infers things that were not implied. We attempted only to summarize briefly the activities of government offices whose programs most directly affect older persons.—EDS.

No Grandparents? Adopt Them!

ELIZABETH N. WOOD
Garden Grove, Calif.

The Pinkettes in *TOGETHER's* November issue [*Hospital Volunteers*, page 80] aren't the only teen-agers doing something for senior citizens. Since 1952, Girl Scout troops have been "adopting grandparents" in hospitals and homes throughout the country.

In the New York City Area, Girl Scouts are bringing the freshness and



Girl Scouts: they gain what they give.

vitality of youth into about 80 agencies for the aged.

Old and young need each other's companionship, and the girls have found that in taking a personal interest in lonely old people they gain as much as they give.

Ministers Retire Too Young?

CLARK R. YOST
Eldorado, Ill.

Is there really a shortage of ministers? Is not the shortage a result of lay attitudes and ecclesiastical policies?

In many conferences, 20 per cent or more of the ministers are in "special appointments." Another large percentage are retired when they could give years of effective service. Under present pressures and policies, many retire at 65 who could serve effectively until 72.

Wesley Spelled It Out

MRS. ROY M. BRADY
Kansas City, Kans.

The quotation from John Wesley below the article *To Know Yourself, Meditate* [October, 1960, page 20] added a necessary note. The article itself was sub-Christian, to say the least. There

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was no mention of any spirit or power beyond oneself.

Most of us are already too much wrapped up in ourselves and need to meditate upon God that he may lift us out of ourselves into his greatness.

Thank you for the many fine issues of TOGETHER you give us. We are so prone to express our criticism and fail to commend.

Confusion Over Eddie

MRS. J. N. MICKELWAIT
Hackberry, La.

Maybe I'm confused, but I've seen Eddie Hodges on television several times, and he always expressed a desire to be a Baptist minister. In *Unusual Methodists* [October, 1960, page 18], I see he attends a Methodist Sunday school and is earmarked for a scholarship to Methodist-related Boston University.

Eddie's parents report that Eddie and other members of their family have never broken the ties they established with a Methodist church in Mississippi before Eddie headed toward stardom. It was a Methodist minister's wife in Pascagoula, Miss., who started Eddie singing in her choir. Young Hodges would be eligible for his Boston University scholarship regardless of his church denomination; however, he has not definitely decided to go into the ministry. He has several years to decide. He's only 13.—EDS.

Must Be Gremlins About!

MRS. H. E. EVANS, Church Secy.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Lapses in Apses [August, 1960, page 31] reminded me that the day before I was to enter the hospital, a series of humorous typographical errors started. On this day "meditate" became "medicate"—accidentally. After my return, while typing up notes from a brainstorming session on ways to improve church attendance, the suggestion "free baby sitters" came out "free baby sisters." Good thing I caught that one!

A day or two later, the custodians were renamed "dustodians."

Together Goes to Church School

MRS. WILLIAM E. KERSEY, JR.
Richmond, Va.

Thank you for October's *Reader's Choice* [*My Last Wonderful Days*, page 26]. I remember long ago reading Hazel Andre's record of her desire to help others. Now I can reread it.

We keep our copies of TOGETHER because every issue has something that helps us build, or which challenges or clears our thinking. I read each issue with a special eye to ideas that help me teach kindergarten on Sunday.

Cover Inspires Poetry

MRS. GRETTA M. HIGGS
Akron, Ohio

Here are a few lines suggested to me by the October, 1960, cover of TOGETHER: *Memory is a treasure chest
That's filled with autumn's gold.
Twice blest are we who count it o'er
Rejoicing in our golden store
When winter's cold winds blow!*

'Little Creatures' Come to Life

ETHEL BACHMANN
Woodlake, Calif.

Please accept my personal appreciation for God's *Little Creatures* [October, 1960, pages 37-44]. As a kindergarten teacher, I was overjoyed to receive the pictures. We've had all but one of the specimens pictured in our classroom. It was a special thrill to me as a teacher because I've worked continuously to improve my reference files.

How to Help Your Pastor

HENRY RATLIFF, Pastor
Hartford, S.Dak.

To reach TOGETHER's 2-million circulation mark by 1964, set by the General Conference, we shall all have to be busy at the task. Doing so, we help our local churches.

Let each official board of every small



From

MRS. T. R. EASTMAN
Wilmot, Kans.

I come from a town of less than a dozen families, and I have seen your October, 1960, issue showing the beautiful handwriting of Kelvin L. McCray [*How's Your Handwriting?* page 59].

I, too, am interested in penmanship, but I am nearing 84 years old and this is written without glasses.

I can furnish different styles and samples of penmanship almost entirely original, and mostly acquired after I was 40 years old.

We salute you, Mrs. Eastman, a worthy peer for Mr. McCray.—EDS.

church furnish its pastor, as it does me here, with 10 subscriptions, so he can distribute **TOGETHER** in nonsubscriber homes. Later, these families will subscribe if they are urged to do so by post cards, telephone calls, and personal visits from other church members or the pastor.

Here, fellow Methodists, is a way we can infuse new blood into our churches.

Request From Fiji Missionary

J. B. H. ROBSON

Suva, Fiji

In my work as a Methodist missionary, I pay weekly visits to the hospital near Suva, where—since 87 per cent of the Fijian people are Methodist—it is only natural that most of the patients are Methodist. I often wish I had suitable literature for free distribution among the people, but it's difficult to find the right thing.

My request is that, if possible, an appeal be made to your readers to donate old copies of **TOGETHER**. It would be of much help among our people.

For those who'd like to do a good turn for nearly 150,000 Fijian Methodists, the parcel post rate to the Fiji Islands is 66¢ for the first pound of **TOGETHERS**, and 28¢ for each additional pound. Send to:

The Rev. J. B. H. Robson
Methodist Church in Fiji
P.O. Box 357
Suva, Fiji

—EDS.

Moravian Thrilled by Apotheosis

ROBERT T. BROWN

Bethlehem, Pa.

I was honestly thrilled to see the reproduction of *Apotheosis*, the painting by Josef Koci [October, 1960, page 2]. It tells more of the ancient history of the Moravian Church than any painting I've ever seen.

As a seventh-generation Moravian in Bethlehem, I am particularly interested in the history of our church. My wife and I visited in Prague twice and saw the Bethlehem Chapel where John Huss preached in native Czech rather than Latin.

'Church Must Take Up Fight'

L. E. WALKER, M.D.

Hanford, Calif.

George Daniels correctly states that *The Narcotics Evil Is Growing!* [October, 1960, page 30]. He's also right that the church must take up the fight. It's not being fought to anyone's satisfaction elsewhere.

Let us treat the seller of narcotics like the rapist he is. Let the courts deal these murderers of personality the most severe punishment. But leave the unfortunate user alone so he can name his tormentors without fear of a court

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Halford E. Luccock writes with a verve and clarity that has won for him a wide following of readers. Many know him for the pungent humor of his letters to the editor, under the pen name of Simeon Stylites, in *The Christian Century*. Many more know him for the more than 24 books he has written.

In addition to his writing, Dr. Luccock is well-known as a preacher and as a teacher.

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conviction that will follow him the rest of his life.

The narcotics evil can be stopped, but laws must be changed, legislators approached. It is ridiculous to brand a narcotics user a criminal. He is more like an innocent bystander.

Bike Intrigues Pastor

WILLIAM DORE, Pastor
Sudlersville, Md.

I am intrigued by the collapsible bike used by Dr. Paul Dudley White as



Dr. White and his collapsible bike.

shown in *How to Avoid a Heart Attack* [November, page 26].

Could you possibly find out where one could get such a bicycle?

Dr. White's bike is a Japanese product—a gift from the Pakistan ambassador to Japan who was a former patient. Similar bicycles may be purchased in this country from the Nichimen Co. Inc., either at 6 N. Michigan Ave. in Chicago, or at 39 Broadway, New York City. Approximate retail price is \$79.95—Eds.

Old Toys for New

MRS. ANN M. STAJICH
Milwaukee, Wis.

My children and I have enjoyed TOGETHER and "their page" [Together with the Small Fry], and thought you might like to hear about one of our neighborhood activities—a Toy Swap.

On a designated morning, each child brought a toy he no longer wanted and swapped it for a new treasure. The mothers came, too, and each brought contributions to the mid-morning snack—coffee, rolls, soft drinks and cookies.

It was a nice, sociable morning for us mothers, and the children loved it. They've already requested another.

Together Helps the Hams

A. W. SHEPHERD, Pastor
Founder, WAMRAC
Nottinghamshire, England

I've received interested inquiries about WAMRAC (World Association of Methodist Radio Amateurs and Clubs)

since *Paging Methodist 'Hams'* appeared [November, page 102].

At long last I have established radio contact with American Methodism through the Rev. Norm Preston, who is a member of WAMRAC. Thanks for making this possible.

For the uninitiated, let it be known that WAMRAC is an organization of short-wave "hams" around the world operating in association with the Methodist World Council. It's a new channel for fellowship appealing to young and old.—Eds.

She Was There

MRS. KATE EDWARDS TWISS
Lynden, Wash.

I was thrilled by the letter from Mrs. M. H. Alsbaugh [November, page 10] about the lecture, *The Bright Side of Libby Prison*, which I heard delivered at a Methodist church dedication at Stanton, Nebr. The year was 1901, I believe, and I am 82 years old.

'So It Is With People'

MRS. H. JOHNSON
Sheldon, Iowa

In Mrs. Chew's letter [November, page 108], she asked if parents should ever stop being parents, and if the robin didn't continue feeding its young long after they left the nest.

One summer, as we watched, a mother robin and her young one poked about our back yard. The mother robin would find a worm and feed the youngster, but he would keep on following and chirping.

Finally, the mother picked up a twig about two inches long and tried to poke it down her baby's throat. The young one shook his head, and the twig flew. It didn't follow its mother any more.

I guess Mama Robin thought, "You are old enough to do something for yourself." So it is with people. It's better for the youngsters to learn to do something for themselves. Then they won't be so helpless when they grow up.

Methodist Services in Mexico City

VIRGINIA M. RISLEY
Atlantic City, N.J.

I write to tell you how much just a few lines in one of your issues meant to me.

Last December, when I went to Mexico, I took a clipping from TOGETHER about an English-speaking worship service held at the Methodist Church on Gante Street, Mexico City.

Attending a worship service there was one of the high lights of my trip!

We like to get such letters, evincing a growing interest of American Methodists in Methodism of other lands. Have you had an experience similar to Miss Risley's?—Eds.

Together / NEWSLETTER

PRAYERS FOR PRESIDENT-ELECT. The Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church has sent President-elect John F. Kennedy a telegram assuring him of their prayers for him as he assumes his new responsibilities.

MILLION TO WORK ON RACE PROBLEM. Between now and the 1964 General Conference more than a million Methodists will become involved in a nation-wide effort to resolve racial tensions. A four-year race-relations program, approved by the Division of Human Relations and Economic Affairs of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns and by the department of Christian social relations of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, opens with a 200-member committee meeting March 20-24, 1961, in Louisville, Ky. By 1964 the study and action is expected to involve over a million church members.

MEMBERSHIP UP. Membership in The Methodist Church increased by 95,281 during 1960, hiking the total in the U.S., Puerto Rico, and Cuba to 9,910,741. Not included are nearly a million members in overseas conferences, and 1,609,936 preparatory members in the U.S.

LARGEST SENATORIAL DELEGATION. Nineteen of the 100 senators in the 87th Congress convening in January will be Methodists. This is the largest denominational delegation among the 87 Protestant, 11 Roman Catholic, and 2 Jewish members.

CHURCHES TO UNITE? Union of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the United Presbyterian Church, the United Church of Christ, and The Methodist Church is being urged by Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, stated clerk of the United Presbyterians. His proposal came at the Triennial Assembly of the National Council of Churches, December 4-9, at San Francisco. There are 3 million Episcopalians, 3 million Presbyterians, 2 million Church of Christ members, and 9.9 million Methodists.

NEW PREXY AT DREW. Dr. Robert Fisher Oxnam, president of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y., has been named president of Methodist-related Drew University, Madison, N.J., succeeding Bishop Fred G. Holloway who resigned after his election to the episcopacy. Dr. Oxnam is the son of Bishop and Mrs. G. Bromley Oxnam.

(More church news on page 68)

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The Dutch Artist and the Eisenhower Sword

By George Mecklenburg

I STOOD in front of the railway station in Eindhoven, Holland, bewildered in a babel of tongues. Six miles away, at Sun, I hoped somehow to find the grave of Paul Joyslin, an ace American pilot downed over Holland in the last week of World War II. His mother had pleaded with me to find it. But none of the taxi drivers understood me, and I had to return to Brussels that afternoon.

To my right I noticed an extremely narrow street. Somehow I was drawn strongly to it. I've never had much time for hunches, but suddenly I was saying to myself:

George Mecklenburg, why don't you for once go where you are led? Go down that street!

I did start down the street—then stopped at a gasoline station. To a man standing in front, I explained my quest.

"That's easy!" he answered in Dutch-accented English. "I'll take you there." He gestured at a shiny American car. "Hop in!"

Soon we were at the cemetery. But the bodies had just been moved, we learned, to a larger burial ground near Margraten, 100 miles away. As I wondered how I could get there, find the grave, and rejoin my tour party at Brussels that same evening, my friend spoke as if he had read my mind.

"I will drive you there—on one condition: do not even offer to pay me."

He explained that he was Theodore Bombeeck, an artist, not a gas-station operator, and that the car belonged to a rich woman. Needing work, he had become her driver.

"She told me to use the car for anybody in need," he said with a quick smile.

Back in Eindhoven, we detoured to his attic apartment to tell his wife and small son of our plans. She, too, was an artist, and their rooms were strewn with objects of art. One caught my attention—a sword plainly engraved with the name Eisenhower.

"What about that sword?" I asked my new friend. As we motored on to Margraten, he unraveled the story.

It began in the days when Holland was overrun by Nazis. Bombeeck had left the Amsterdam Academy of Art to join the underground. As a captain in the air division, he had worked with Paul Joyslin!

Once Bombeeck had been captured and sent

to the Dachau concentration camp to die, but he had escaped and returned to resistance work. Later, he had arrested General Friedrich Christiansen, the German commander whose cruelty is still not forgotten by the Dutch. From him he had received the sword—the Eisenhower sword.

"Any connection with our General Eisenhower?" I asked.

"Yes, indirectly," he said. "His grandfather was a sword maker in Germany."

At Margraten, my search ended. Among the 8,000 tarpaulin-covered coffins waiting to be interred in the new cemetery was that of Paul Joyslin. Now I could speak words of reassurance to a grieving mother.

"Do you know why you came down that narrow street where you found me by the gas station?" my artist friend asked me as we were parting. "I do. God sent you to find me. I am the only man in the world who could have done this for you. And why do you suppose I was at the gas station as you came by? I was there for only ten minutes while the owner went to the town hall to sign a paper. God arranged that. Why do you suppose that I, a poor artist, would not charge you for this trip?"

I was speechless.

"Here," he said. "Feel my head." His fingers directed mine to three depressions in his skull.

"I was almost dead in a foxhole when an American aviator risked his life to drag me to safety. He slipped away before I could thank him. You are the first American for whom I could do some slight service. See? If I charged you for it, I would lose the blessing."

All this happened in 1948. Now, happily, I add an epilogue. Until her death in 1958, Mrs. Joyslin and the Bombeecks were in close correspondence. She all but adopted the Bombeeck boy, and the Bombeecks gave loving care to Paul Joyslin's grave. Twice, as I have taken tour parties to Holland, a high spot has been a visit to the Bombeeck home. And in my memory that glowing sword, which has since been presented to President Eisenhower, has become a symbol and a reminder of God's guidance in the affairs of men who seek his way. It has led me to believe more firmly in divine guidance.

With so much needing to be done, it's good that

We Methodists Are **ACTIVISTS!**

By GERALD KENNEDY, Bishop, Los Angeles Area; President, Council of Bishops

I AM the kind of fellow who needs pressures, goals, and deadlines. My ministry would fall apart without quotas, specific askings, and definite expectations. The day that puts only vague demands on me ends up with hardly any accomplishments. For whether it be calling or raising money or writing a book, I need something to aim at and a standard to strive for. In this, I am a natural-born Methodist.

There is some grumbling that we are all wrong in adopting programs. Preachers complain sometimes about the General Conference adopting quadrennial plans. "Leave us alone," they say, "and let us do our work in our own way." There is a cry for more spirituality and less activism. We are warned that the Holy Spirit does not work according to schedule and that prayer is more important than campaigns.

Let us consider such talk. I have attended conferences where ministers of other churches only thinly disguised their sense of superiority over Methodists and Methodist organization, yet I have been where these brethren do their work and have found a church irrelevant, unattended, and nearly lifeless. I have watched Methodist preachers whose spirits are wounded by programs seek quiet retreat for meditation, yet I cannot help but confess that their ministries do not impress me. I have watched the brethren who want to be left alone to do their work in their own way. The trouble is, they rarely have anything to report.

Let us have done with the false doctrine that inefficiency is holy and laxness is spiritual. Programs are not substitutes for religious power, but neither are they its enemies. There is tremendous power in great movements, and all of us rise higher when united in action. When The Methodist Church lacks the vision of large aims and the courage to adopt great plans, then we will know it has lost the way.

When World War II broke out, President Roosevelt asked for 40,000 planes. People were aghast, for no one expected half that number could be produced. But he got even more than he asked for. The mark of leadership is to make big demands and ask for large efforts.

At the close of the war, the church was asked for \$25 million for postwar reconstruction. On one Sunday morning I told the story to my congregation, and we over-subscribed our quota by a large amount. That was the experience throughout the church, and we raised \$27 million. I have seen schools, churches, and hospitals around the world where our people are serving and witnessing because we set a goal and went beyond it.

On a Sunday in November, 1954, The Methodist Church received an offering for Korea which we hoped

would achieve our goal of \$1 million. When final tabulations had been made, the treasurer reported that we had raised \$1,642,265.08. I have seen churches built with that money, and I've talked with students whose education was made possible by that offering.

Every Methodist church adopts a goal for its missionary giving and receives a quota when the General Conference adopts a program. We do not always make it, and sometimes the people feel that the burden is heavy. But we would find that our giving would be less and our accomplishments smaller if each man did only what was right in his own eyes and lived in the unstrung atmosphere of retreat.

The church without an evangelistic target is likely to be content with only mediocre accomplishments. Woe unto the congregation that is satisfied to take what comes without effort and call it enough. A preacher had better set himself a quota for his pastoral calls, and a church had better set itself a goal for new members. We soon discover that a program can be a means of grace.

One of my young preachers was greatly disturbed by the question: "Are you going on to perfection?" He hesitated to say yes, as he was required to do before I could receive him into full conference membership. I remembered an old bishop who, faced with a similar situation, had commented: "Well, son, what are you going on to?" A church that aims at perfection will never be persuaded that there is anything wrong in setting high goals.

In our time there has been a growing fear that to expect observable results is to deny God. We are frightened lest we wound the Holy Spirit and be content with only surface success. The boys in the ivory towers worry about any activity that may not be properly oriented and directed. The young preacher regards the machinery of the church as unclean and is terribly suspicious of organization. Some economic idealists make *profit* a bad word, and some theological idealists regard the word *results* as synonymous with worldliness.

We do well to heed the warnings about the dangers of human measurements being applied to the church. We must never assume that the Kingdom comes by our cleverness and manipulation. God's ways are not our ways, and I have learned that the Lord does not always see eye to eye with me. But it is easy to make a vague and academic theology a substitute for commitment to Christ. We can prefer the study to the street, of course, in which case the people may turn to false prophets. But Methodists have a hard time being at ease with irrelevancy while a man named Wesley still walks among us.

The Christian Gospel makes a difference in all life,



and where it is truly preached, things happen. If the church is what it claims to be, it will draw people in and send them out different from what they were. Society will reflect the spiritual power of a fellowship committed to the faith that righteousness exalteth a nation. Churches will win people to membership and influence their giving. The missionary enterprise will change societies and draw nations together. Hungry millions will be fed; illiterates will be taught to read.

The Methodist preacher stands on his record, and the journals of the annual conferences are open for all to read. What did he do with what he had to work with? True, he may have had a bad time in a hard place, and not everything can be recorded. But for the long pull, the statistics generally will reflect the spiritual growth of congregations and measure a man's stewardship.

The *Discipline* is not regarded as an inspirational book, but it has some great passages. The last paragraph of the Historical Statement begins with these words:

The Methodist Church believes today, as Methodism has from the first, that the only infallible proof of a true church of Christ is its ability to seek and to save the lost, to disseminate the Pentecostal spirit and life, to spread scriptural holiness, and to transform all peoples and na-

A jogging rhythm marks many Methodist hymns—suggesting they were composed by men on horseback.

tions through the Gospel of Christ. The sole object of the rules, regulations, and usages of The Methodist Church is to aid the church in fulfilling its divine commission.

Which is to say that if there are no results, there is no church.

The late Bishop Francis J. McConnell one time pointed out that many of Charles Wesley's hymns have a sort of horseback rhythm as if written in the saddle, which they were. It is not a bad idea for a hymn to have a sense of activity. Too much of the so-called good music seems to be standing still. It is a great thing to belong to a church whose very music was born on the road.

It is amazing how the terminology of travel has penetrated our Methodist vocabulary. Our ministry is itinerant, and we are committed to the proposition that we must go to the people. When John Wesley was 71 years old, he again traveled Scotland and visited the Glasgow Society. He was not pleased with what he found, and wrote in his *Journal* for May 17, 1774:

How is it that there is no increase in this society? It is exceeding easy to answer. One preacher stays here two or three months at a time, preaching on Sunday mornings, and three or four evenings in a week. Can a Methodist preacher preserve either bodily health, or spiritual life, with this exercise? And if he is but half alive, what will the people be?

Now the only way you move is to decide you want to be someplace besides where you are. If a man is content with what he is and where he is, life is merely a matter of protecting what he has. But if he wants to move forward or upward, he has to make some plans. So does a church. Sometimes people get so frightened of tomorrow they not only want to stand still, but they prefer to move backward. This point of view demands no program. The dangerous enemies of The Methodist Church are not the world, the flesh, and the devil, but stalemate, compromise, and comfort.

I have been traveling a good deal during the past years. Always I want to know why the journey seems necessary, where it will lead me, and how I am going to get there. This takes a little planning which, instead of robbing the journey of its pleasure, adds to it. May we be saved from purposeless drifting which leads only to boredom and despair. May The Methodist Church never lose its sense of being raised for a mission and a witness. May it never get so ethereal and otherworldly that it believes it can fulfill the mission without plans.

Now let us consider what is before us during the next quadrennium. Before every General Conference, preachers and laymen guess what will come out of it and what goals it will adopt. Some there be who hope nothing will be done. It is a vain hope, for a Methodist General Conference is aware of our world and its needs. It is made up of the church's leaders who did not attain their position by doing nothing.

The plans adopted in Denver in the spring of 1960 had gone through much study and revision before they were presented. Finally they were adopted, and the Council of Bishops was given the responsibility for leadership. The theme is the oldest of Christian creeds: *Jesus Christ Is Lord*. We shall endeavor to help our people commit themselves to that creed in all of life and

to clothe this commitment with specific programs of action. We shall call in no special director at extra cost; a committee of nine bishops under the chairmanship of Bishop Richard C. Raines will direct the program, with help from the general boards and their secretaries. This is home folks doing the job, with special emphasis on each area developing its own plans under the direction of its own bishop.

The over-all program will be divided into the nine parts listed below with the responsible bishop and the plan of action:

1. *Renewed Commitment and Personal Witness*—Bishop Gerald Kennedy. February-March, 1961, each bishop to call his preachers together for a day of self-examination and commitment. February 19-26, week of preparation of every Methodist to become a personal witness for Christ. March 5-12, week of personal evangelism. March 26-April 2, week of worship, baptism, reception of new members.

2. *Social Concerns*—Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke. January-June, 1961, the creation of a vital Commission on Social Concerns in every Methodist church.

3. *Stewardship and Benevolence*—Bishop Paul E. Martin. July-December, 1961, every area increasing its giving with special help from Board of Lay Activities.

4. *Inner-City and Small Church*—Bishop Roy H. Short. July-August, 1962, area conferences on inner-city churches; October-December, 1963, area conferences on rural churches.

5. *Enlistment to the Ministries of the Church*—Bishop Donald H. Tippet. April-June, 1962, regional conferences on Christian vocations.

6. *Christianity and Family Life*—Bishop Hazen G. Werner. April-June, 1963, every church encouraging and helping its families to pray and worship together.

7. *Missions*—Bishop Richard C. Raines. A quadrennium of interpreting the place of Methodist missions in our world and increasing our missionary giving.

8. *New Church Schools and Churches*—Bishop Paul N. Garber. Every area surveying its responsibility for church extension and developing its own program.

9. *Church and Campus*—Bishop Matthew W. Clair, Jr. Each bishop visiting the campus of the educational institutions within his area and calling upon the churches to deepen their concern for students and teachers.

Let me suggest a 10th goal to help achieve the nine named. Actually, it was set by the General Conference when it asked churches to adopt the All Family Plan to get TOGETHER into 2 million homes by 1964. It bombards our people with insights, information, and inspiration—conditioning them to understand and to respond to Methodism's program.

Well, here it is, and what shall come from it? There is no doubt that our reach exceeds our grasp, but, as Browning intimated, that's what heaven is for. Some churches will sit on the side lines and point out the weaknesses in our program. But most of them will join enthusiastically and, four years from now, we will report fresh evidence of the spirit of God working through Methodism. Let us be glad that our theme song is a heavenly march and that God is our strength. And let us rejoice that we believe in activist programs.

'God Roars in the Pines':

Readers Talk Back

A SAMPLING OF THEIR LETTERS BY FRANCES HATHAWAY

"WE WANT to believe. . . . Give us a cause!"

This was the urgent plea ringing through an article from a 19-year-old college student in our September, 1960, issue, *God Roars in the Pines*, by John Turner of the University of Oregon, set forth some stirring challenges to the church.

A college bull session had started him thinking deeply about his personal quest for God. He recalled his experiences in the church, in Sunday school, and at church camps. Speaking of ministers who do not inspire, church-school teachers who don't realize the capacity of youngsters to understand, and other adults more interested in church socials than in helping others to find the way, the young man declared:

"We, the young . . . need a great wind of faith to blow through the fog of our confusion. We need a still small voice to speak a great truth. You who have been guided through your dark jungles by a gleam of brightness, can you not lead us to the source of that light? . . . give us a cause. A cause worth dying for. A cause to live for."

Such challenges could not go unanswered—and they didn't. From all over the country, from all ages and stations of life, reaction was swift.

A church worker from Fairmont, Minn., Mrs. Homer Knoss, wrote: "John, you ask for armor. You have that in the teachings of Christ. You want a cause to live for. What greater cause can there be than to make this a better world?"

In his article, John reminisced about his junior-high years in the church Youth League. It was con-

ducted by the minister, he said, and he had hopes of finding "the solution to all those vague mysteries which so confused me.

"But the minister did not speak of these things," John recalled. "He urged us to speak . . . about things like our relationships with girls, and . . . some young philosopher would observe that a guy ought to be nice to girls and not hit them or kiss them or anything. Then we'd make model airplanes."

From R. W. Lane, Jr., a youth counselor from Marshville, N.C., came this affirmation of John's criticisms:

"I must concede that there's more truth than fiction in John Turner's statements. Many of the youth programs presented in churches today are more secular than spiritual, and so-called modern churches are somewhat low in spiritual values."

Applause for the article also came from Reuben V. Anderson of Pine Bluffs, Wyo.

"We need more John Turners to jolt older people—ministers, bishops, and other leaders—out of their apathy and coldness," he wrote. "These people are afraid to challenge young people in this day of wishy-washy Christianity. They think they must have dancing, card parties, movies, and rock-and-roll juke boxes before they can get young people into the church. Young people have always risen to a challenge, but parents, teachers, and ministers are just too weak and lacking in spiritual strength to challenge them."

John had noted that, in the churches he'd known, the congregations were largely elderly people and



the sermons seemed designed for them. "They usually dealt with spiritual generalities," he said, "couched in language which, while it could offend no one, could shake no spirit free and set it soaring."

One enthusiastic minister, the **Rev. C. H. Newborn** of Havelock, N.C., responded, "God bless you, John Turner! You have split the spiritual atom wide open! I have been trying for 10 years to get this point across to church officials. We deal in such generalities, trying to get along together without hurting someone's feelings, and lose the Gospel of Christ to the lesser teachings."

AMONG those who wrote words of help to John, telling of their own spiritual awakenings, was **Deaconess Evelyn Marsh**, Milwaukee, Wis.

"I wish I could somehow express," she wrote, "the results of God's great wind of faith that strengthens me when I am weak, stirs me, enlivens me, guides me into kindness when I would react with hate; but I am doubtful of another's breeze blowing the true answer your way. Only as we find the truth within ourselves can we say, 'I know.' You are on the right track, for the first step is sincere desire."

A college student, John's age, wanted to set the story straight from her point of view. **Darla Vaughn** of St. Louis, Mo., said: "I am a young person much like Mr. Turner, but I have found the answers to the questions he asks. Our church-school teachers demanded respect without voicing the request, so I could ask my questions without fear of laughter. That is where most young people are lost. They're afraid of being laughed at."

One Methodist mother who wrote assurance to John was **Mrs. Glen Thatcher, Jr.**, of Quakertown, Pa.

"It is evident upon reading your article," she said, "that you will find the answers you seek. It is only a matter of time. You have been fair in judging those who have tried to guide you. But you see, John, that is all anyone can do—try."

"If God could be given like a gift, don't you suppose that I and all mothers would give our beloved children such a gift first and forever?

Instead, we tenderly care for our young plants, cultivating the good characteristics and weeding out the bad. And we pray that God will reveal himself through us in his own good time and way."

One of John's classmates said, "The good Christians call us 'rebels without a cause.' But they don't give us a cause." **Miss Allene Dooley**, 21, of Bowling Green, Ky., agreed heartily.

"Let me say amen," she wrote, "to the challenge John Turner gives the church. Like him, I have not found answers in Sunday School, church services, or MYF. By the time I got to college, I was getting more religion out of nonreligious courses in a state college than out of my own church! We have been wrongly labeled the uncommitted generation. Our religious elders have not presented us with the principles and actions for which to stand!"

A surprisingly small number of counterattacks came from persons angered or disappointed by John's religious faultfinding. One of the strongest, however, came from **Mrs. J. W. Babcock** of Alden, N.Y.:

"I would like to point out to Mr. Turner, and to all young people, that there are still some things which one must earn in this life, which one must seek out rather than passively expect to be handed on a silver platter. It is the fault of their indulgent parents that today our young people expect everything—even religious inspiration—to be handed them freely. This is evident from Mr. Turner's implication that he literally went from church to church, entered on Sundays, and sat down with the thought: Well, here I am. Inspire me!"

John also had stated that, in his experience, "the solemn seeking mood" of his spirit in church "was shattered by practical considerations—the plea for the special offering for the building fund, the appeal for donations for Hands Across the Sea Week, the request that housewives produce cakes for the bake sale."

To this, Mrs. Babcock retorted, "It is regrettable that his thoughts had to be rudely broken in upon by the practical requests that he mentions having been made from the pulpit. I imagine it's shattering to a young idealist to realize that somebody has to make the wheels go round. Some-

one must provide the wherewithal to build and maintain the ivy-covered cathedrals with stained-glass windows in them, so our young can have a worthy place in which to think their lofty thoughts. And now, here comes this young man who even wants the lofty thoughts handed him!"

The **Rev. William R. Clark**, pastor of Blue Mound Methodist Church in Blue Mound, Kans., reacted differently to the same charge:

"It has been my growing conviction that the Christian Church insults the intelligence of the American youth. We give them pious platitudes in church while they search for the meaning of life in the science classroom at school. We play down to their intellect by seldom allowing them to doubt at church, while the school seeks to open great new avenues of learning to them in the search for truth and meaning."

"The handwriting is on the wall. Either the Church becomes aware of the seriousness and the depth of the questions young people like Turner are asking or we will find ourselves an archaic institutional form of religion, void of any relevance."

A 27-year-old minister feels much the same. The **Rev. W. Thomas Parsons** of Sanford, Fla., writes:

"John Turner's article is one which forces those of us who are ministers and those who teach to re-evaluate our particular church's program. A minister is somehow expected to be a reincarnation of Jesus Christ, and many parishioners place him on a pedestal. By degrees, they are disillusioned as they discover his 'humanity.'"

FROM faraway Sydney, Australia, came this comment from the **Rev. Barrie G. Wright**: "I found *God Roars in the Pines* the most stirring and important article to appear in any magazine this year. I personally feel that much Christian education among the youth—at home, school, Sunday school, and camps—is wasted simply because the teachers are not properly trained for their jobs. They answer the questions they think young people want to know, not the questions youth really is asking."

Army chaplain **M. Russell Shivers**, soon to return to a civilian pastor-



JOHN DICKINS 1747-1798

Announcing: The John Dickens Award for College Students

oldest and largest firm of its type in America and publisher of *TOGETHER*. Nine years later he died at age 51 in Philadelphia, victim of the yellow fever which, collegians will recall, also felled Gabriel, hero of Longfellow's epic poem, *Evangeline*.

Why I Go to Church may be regarded as a topic to be expanded or embroidered by personal experience. Preachers would call it "the text." But it is not so important that entries stick closely to it as it is that they be informative, sincere, and interesting.

Collegians may respond independently. But we especially call the attention of English professors and instructors to the possibility of making *Why I Go to Church* the subject for themes in writing classes.

Here are the rules for the first John Dickens Award:

1. Undergraduate students between the ages of 17 and 25, enrolled full time in any accredited junior college, college or university, may enter—regardless of religious affiliation.
2. Articles should be typed double spaced in manuscript form on 8½ by 11-inch sheets, should be between 2,000 and 2,500 words in length, and must be accompanied by an Entry Form.
3. The deadline is May 1, 1961. The award-winning article will appear in the September issue of *TOGETHER*.
4. Three cash awards of \$250, \$150, and \$75 and five honorable mention certificates will be presented. Decisions of judges (to be selected) will be final.
5. Articles will be judged on the basis of thought-content, human interest, and literary expression.
6. For Entry Forms, write to: The John Dickens Award, *TOGETHER*, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Is campus religion vital?

That sharp question comes out of the article, *God Roars in the Pines*, by John Turner, now 20, a University of Oregon junior. Appearing in *TOGETHER* last September [page 26], it loosed a flood tide of letters. You see a sampling in the accompanying article.

The question stands: *Is campus religion vital?*

To get answers from college students, *TOGETHER* takes this opportunity to launch the John Dickens Award for short articles on *Why I Go to Church*.

John Dickens was the young man from Eton College, England, thought to have suggested the name for the first (and short-lived) Methodist school in America—Cokesbury, honoring Bishops Coke and Asbury. He loaned his life savings of \$600 to the church in 1789 and thus helped launch the Methodist Publishing House,

ate, wrote to John, "I am surrounded by a multitude of young men, many of whom no doubt would find in you a leader for their cause. I am aware as never before, after ministering to 19 to 25-year-olds for two years, that your statement, John, represents one of the biggest challenges facing the Christian church."

The letters go on and on, in evident intensity and unfortunately at too great a length to be included.

The comments of Mrs. Lorene C. Hartman of Wilmette, Ill., perhaps sum up the feeling pervading the

various letters received. She wrote:

"Thank you, John, for writing the article and for doing it so well. The fact that your mind is questing at 19 years of age, not 70, and the fact that you are accepting no easy answers is to your credit and to the credit of all those who have influenced you. . . . Sometimes the difficult way is the only way we can learn effectively."

Another John, last name Wesley, probably also would praise the author of *God Roars in the Pines* for his spiritual seeking. Wesley's thoughts were that man never really attains

perfection but that he must keep striving toward that goal throughout his lifetime.

Of one thing we are certain: the dialogue launched by the youthful Mr. Turner's forthright statement is in the best tradition of Protestant theology. As author James Hastings Nichols put it, "The co-operation of uninhibited inquiry and religious faith, of theology and science, is possible only on Protestant territory where all human traditions and institutions stand open both to man's scrutiny and to God's."

Joe Walker

Fastest Man Alive

ON AUGUST 4, 1960, a flying power plant of incredible perfection known as the X-15 rammed its needle nose through the air at 2,196 miles an hour, faster than any manned plane to that date. Alone in the narrow cockpit of this stub-winged stiletto of the stratosphere was Joseph A. Walker, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's principal pilot for the X-15. Physically inferior, as are all men when compared with such a machine, he was obliged to be superior to the monster in every other way. Had not his mind maintained mastery of the machine, there would have been no record—nor any longer the man Joe Walker, test pilot.

That eventful day began much like any other at Joe's ranch-style home in Lancaster, Calif. Grace, his wife, saw him to the door. "Don't forget your lessons," she said. Joe grinned, gave a friendly pat to each of his three sons, and climbed into his blue pickup truck. He drove along the desert road to Edwards Air Force Base where, as an NASA employee, he helps North American Aviation carry on experiments with the amazing X-15.

Walker's historic flight was brief, almost like counting 1-2-3, yet fraught with unearthly dangers. At 66,000 feet, his tiny craft dropped like a rock from its cradle under the giant mother ship, a B-52. Joe pressed a button; the rocket engine roared to life. His only radioed comment as the X-15 streaked to its record was "Yippee!" Then, fuel exhausted, he

*Easygoing Joe
responds to
stress and strain
—with a grin!*



Look closely: that black dart under the B-52 is the rocket-powered X-15, which soon may fly 4,000 m.p.h.

Man-in-a-missile: under the canopy of the X-15, Joe Walker will wear a space helmet. The thundering sky steed is shod with steel skids instead of tires.





Joe Walker, Fastest Man Alive (*continued*)

coaxed the plane in a long glide back to home base and touched down at 200 miles an hour.

The day's work over, Joe climbed into his pickup and drove back home at a pace far from supersonic.

Most Sunday mornings at the door of Lancaster Community Methodist Church, worshipers are greeted by

a friendly usher of 39 with calm gray eyes and a ready smile. There is no hint that tomorrow this easygoing father may be back in the sky, flashing to new fame. But those who know him will tell you that, unlike the X-15, there are no blueprints from which a man like Joe Walker could be rebuilt.



Back home, surrounded by desert and Joshua trees, Joe tries out his land legs with his two older boys.

A jet pilot relaxes at home with his wife, Grace, and their sons Tom, Jim, and little Joe. He built the eight-room house himself over a two-year period.



*Down to earth:
getting ready for a
camping trip to the
nearby Sierras, Joe and
his boys test their
sleeping bags on
the back lawn.*

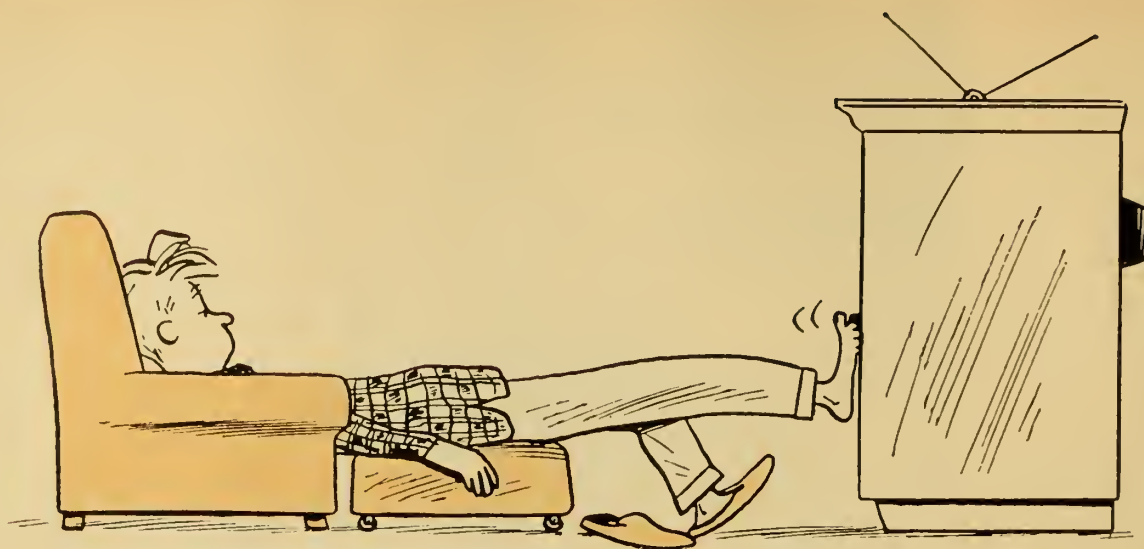


*Greeter: an active Methodist, Joe is
a member of his official board and an ardent campaigner
in the church's drive for a new sanctuary.*



*Teacher: in Sunday school, where she and Joe first met,
Grace helps a pupil recite a Bible story. Like wives of all
test pilots, her thoughts often are in the lonely sky.*





The TV habits of our young are a fertile subject for cartoons. This one is by Charles M. Schulz of "Peanuts" fame.

Television and School Children: *10 Years Together*

By PAUL A. WITTY, Professor of Education, Northwestern University

"H AVE N'T people *always* had TV?"

That question from your 12 or 13-year-old child is a sharp reminder that commercial TV, as we know it today, is hardly 10 years old. In little more than a decade, it has leaped from a laboratory novelty to the biggest thing in entertainment.

From the very beginning, however, concerned parents have raised a loud and pessimistic cry. Children were being hypnotized by the sputter and flash that had invaded the American living room. Children were ruining their eyesight. They were vegetating. They would grow up to be illiterate, introverted, unresponsive to normal stimuli.

Critics of our academic system have said we educators are tardy reporters—slow to react—whenever an innovation such as television arises to challenge the school, the home, the church, or an accepted way of life. But this time we can refute that charge.

Some of us here at Northwestern University began studying the effect on children of the electronic Pied

Piper over 10 years ago, long before it had achieved the present saturation in American homes. Our subjects have been 20,000 American children and youth. We have gathered data through interviews, questionnaires, and discussions. Our report follows:

Are fears of worried parents justified?

Our answer is largely negative. We base this observation on five conclusions reached after analysis of research over the past decade:

1. *Television has not brought about a marked reduction in outdoor play, hobbies, sports, and creative activities.*

2. *Heavy viewers don't get substantially lower grades than those who seldom watch TV.*

3. *Relatively few pupils read less; many pupils believe they read more.*

4. *Primary pupils appear to show gains in vocabulary as a result of television viewing.*

5. *BUT—there is some evidence that overexposure to westerns and crime programs may have an adverse effect on some children.*

Television has not replaced the bat, the ball, the glove, the play house, the tag game, kick the can, dolls, or the fishing pole. And children still turn to the printed page for knowledge, or to roam in worlds of imagination and adventure far beyond the limitations of the electronic screen.

On the other hand, there has never been any question that TV is an insatiable consumer of time—time that might be more beneficially used [see *Is TV a Monster in Your Home?* March, 1958, page 10]. In 1956, when three of every four American families had TV, one researcher estimated that "more total time was spent watching television than in any other single activity, except sleep."

In the Chicago metropolitan area, where our studies were concentrated, television made its entrance in 1949. A year later, 43 per cent of the school children reported they had access to it. This percentage increased rapidly each year until, in 1953, it reached 92. By 1959, television virtually had blanketed the

area. In one suburb, 99 per cent of the children had access to sets, 31 per cent to two, 7.5 per cent to three or more, and 3 per cent to color TV.

Does this mean the average child is watching more television than he was in, say, 1950? Not necessarily. In fact, elementary pupils now spend about the same average amount of viewing time: 21 hours a week.

High-school students spend less time with TV than younger pupils. In 1951, they averaged 14 hours a week; by 1959, that figure had dropped to 12. Ten years ago, the parents of these pupils spent 24 hours a week; now they spend 20.5. Teachers, we found, average only 12 hours.

In our earlier studies, many parents noted that their children slept less, played less, and were somewhat more nervous. Fewer now voice these complaints.

On the question of ruined eyesight, the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness states that eyes are not harmed if proper seating, clear focusing of the set, and proper room lighting are observed.

What, then, *has* suffered as a result of time spent in watching TV? It appears that television now occupies the place in children's lives and affections that the movies and radio once held. We have noted a marked reduction in movie attendance, radio listening, and comic-book reading.

That this new form of communication should have such wide appeal is understandable. One of our young subjects commented: "Sometimes I wonder whatever in the world people of years ago did without TV. Television—it certainly is a wonderful invention! You can flip a switch, and right in front of you is your favorite actor or actress."

WHAT about that frequent parental complaint, "too much violence"? Grade-school teachers who collaborated in our studies found some problem cases among children known to spend large amounts of time watching TV. But others in the same group were well adjusted, successful students. In every case of serious maladjustment, the teachers found other contributing factors, such as an unfavorable home environment. From this evidence, we

conclude that well-adjusted youngsters may not be affected at all by heavy exposure to TV violence, while those not so well adjusted are more apt to be affected.

However, excessive viewing of crime and violence may lower children's sensitivity to human suffering and lead them to accept or condone brutality.

As for the complaint that the medium "takes up time that should be spent studying," we discovered only moderate differences in scholastic achievement between heavy and light viewers. Top students spent an average of 21 hours a week, while those in the lower fourth of their class spent about 26 hours. Moreover, some pupils did better work in school because of interests awakened by television. And in cases where excessive television watching was linked with poor academic attainment, we usually found other undesirable factors present.

The recent Stanford study in California would seem to support this hypothesis. Fifth and sixth graders were divided into heavy and light viewers. Comparisons also were made of pupils in the first four grades who, according to their parents, spent more time televiewing than playing.

The conclusion: "On the basis of data at hand, we cannot say that heavy viewing, at any stage of elementary school, significantly lowers grades. Any slight difference was in favor of the heavy viewers."

One mother complained: "Before television, our oldest boy was always eager to be outside playing with his friends. Today, our youngest is just as happy to sit, yogi-fashion, hours at a time, eyes wide, drinking in the antics he sees on the screen before him. Is this healthy?"

In this case, perhaps not. But none of the research indicated an appreciable reduction in play time. One study even disclosed that 38 per cent of the boys and 34 per cent of the girls had cultivated new hobbies because of TV. The wise parent does not permit lengthy, continuous periods of viewing. Instead, he will insist that a child interrupt such periods with more active pursuits.

In cases where Johnny can't read, or reads less than his parents believe he should, television often is blamed. Yet our studies show that many

pupils say it has increased their interest in reading. In fact, 45 per cent of the elementary pupils polled in 1958 believed they read more.

Despite such facts on television's credit side, U.S. parents continue to worry. But they are not alone, as this report from London shows:

NEARLY all complained of brutality, gum-chewing sadism, and moronic murders. . . . Many parents leveled the same charge against cowboy thugs and American killers who dominated the screen with drear regularity between 6 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. . . . Indeed, fully half the mothers grimly noted how their young ones resisted bedtime if adults were still glued to the television sets. . . . Nevertheless, television in general had 'increased vocabulary,' 'widened their horizons,' or 'broadened reading taste.'"

So, is television really an ogre? Or is it—all things considered—just another marvel of technological achievement, a great good force for entertainment and enlightenment?

The answer, very probably, lies somewhere between these extremes.

Some programs, it is true, are mediocre or worse. Others aid in communicating a better understanding of our world to millions—both children and adults.

The potential effect of the medium on our children will continue to be a concern, of course—yet often the effect will be what we, as parents, allow it to be. After all, parents serve as models of conduct for their children. They should control the other models their offspring tune in electronically. They must guide the interests awakened by television into constructive channels. And parents are the adults of today who can do much to influence the type of programming produced by stations and networks for the adults of tomorrow.

Television remains a problem mainly in homes where it is allowed to become one. Wise parents won't use it as an electronic baby sitter. Instead, they'll encourage their children to select programs with discrimination and evaluate them with discernment. Then, in a true sense, television will become a great medium of entertainment and enlightenment.



Two Methodist-related universities, Syracuse and Boston, clashed early in the season. High in the air here is Syracuse's Fred Mautino, named by Russell as an All-Methodist end. His team won, 35 to 7.

The Methodist University and College **All-American Elevens**

By FRED RUSSELL, Sports Editor, The Nashville Banner

FOOTBALL is still basically a matching of pushing and resisting forces. But, paralleling the space-age advance, it has grown into a game of vast scientific proportions. The average football fan, were he to sit in on a coaching staff's strategy conference or to try to furnish a scouting report that met the exacting demands of a major-college head coach, would be as bewildered as he would on another planet.

Modern football is vastly more complex, more spectacular, and better played than it used to be. Offensive patterns have opened up. Men in motion, flankers, "lonely ends," and other once-startling innovations now are commonplace. Formations have spread as the players have increased in size. This would seem incongruous if it weren't that they also are faster than ever. Spectators

watch a dazzling brand of football which has kept pace with the technical achievements of this space-conquering atomic era.

The men on these pages have what it takes to be outstanding in this hard, fast, brain-testing game. To qualify for this year's Methodist All-American—the fifth selection since TOGETHER first was published in 1956—players had to attend a Methodist-related school for which they performed brilliantly on the gridiron. They were not required to be Methodists.

The final selection, as usual, was a difficult assignment because so many outstanding players performed in both the university and college divisions. While the university field is limited to seven schools (Syracuse, Southern Methodist, Northwestern, Denver, Boston, Chattanooga,

University

and Duke), there are 74 Methodist-related senior colleges, some 40 of which fielded football teams. In November, Syracuse and Duke appeared almost certain to rank highest among the Methodist-related universities when the arduous 1960 season ended. Until Saturday, October 29, when it was defeated by an underdog Pitt team, Syracuse had an unbroken string of 16 victories. The big Orange team, voted No. 1 in the nation in 1959, also later bowed to Army, 9-6.

Members of TOGETHER's 1960 All-Methodist, All-American eleven may not be a bit brainier than the men who played in the days of Jim Thorpe and Willie Heston, but they undoubtedly have more expert knowledge of the scientific game they play.

They are also, we are happy to report, on their respective campuses for other and perhaps sounder reasons than performance in a sport which entertains millions.

Take Claude Moorman, for example, the Duke end who caught 11 passes against South Carolina. He's president of his senior class and a member of Omicron Delta Kappa, honorary leadership fraternity. Claude is an excellent student, taking a premedical course.

Syracuse's Fred Mautino, probably the nation's best all-around end (his coach, Ben Schwartzwalder, calls him "the best I ever coached"), is an honor student. So is Bruce Tarbox, 230-pound guard for the great Orange team.

Bruce Olderman, a 236-pound Allegheny tackle on the All-College eleven, is majoring in political science. He expects to return next year for graduate work after getting his degree in June.

Baker's Karl Spear II, a 5'8" guard who plays against giants, is majoring in mathematics and chemistry. He has been an honor student every year in college, earning close to perfect grades.

Jim Gladden, DePauw tackle, maintains a straight

Second University Eleven

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Elbert Kimbrough	Northwestern
T	Charles Long	Chattanooga
G	Bruce Tarbox	Syracuse
C	Curtiss Wheeless	Denver
G	Richard Feidler	Syracuse
T	Fate Echols	Northwestern
E	Tom Gilburg	Syracuse
Q	David Sarette	Syracuse
H	Joel Arrington	Duke
H	Dick Desmarais	Boston
F	Mike Stock	Northwestern



TACKLE, Jerry Mays
SMU



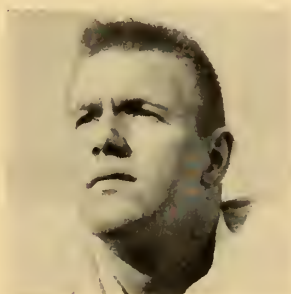
GUARD, Gerry Smith
Denver



CENTER, Al Bemiller
Syracuse



GUARD, Art Browning
Duke



TACKLE, Bob Minihane
Boston



END, Claude Moorman
Duke



QB, Dick Thornton
Northwestern



HB, Ernie Davis
Syracuse



HB, Carey Henley
Chattanooga



FB, Art Baker
Syracuse



Stan Solomon, Willamette's flashy back.

College

"A" average and consistently has made the dean's list. He's a history major, president of the campus International Relations Club, and a reporter on the student newspaper. (A sports writer some day, maybe?)

The All-College quarterback, Thomas Quilling of Rocky Mountain College, is another fine student.

They're just a few examples.

Brilliant players like these, representative of both the university and college selections, are tangible evidence there can't be very much wrong with college football—despite the claims of detractors and de-emphasizers that the game is still too big and too commercialized.

Others point out, however, that the football season runs only 10 weeks, or only three months if September practice is counted. This is considerably shorter than the basketball season, for example. (One never hears any criticism of basketball, although drills begin in mid-October and the schedule isn't completed until early March. Football players are away from classes on trips much less, too, even if the team is good enough for a bowl expedition.)

True, we hear proposals for a slate of spring football games, presumably with a preseason practice period, and for a yearly tournament of conference champions playing off for the national crown. But under the governing, administrative, policy-setting influence of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, college football is now and should remain on sane, level ground—and keep producing men of the caliber shown on these pages. We think they're the "cream of the crop."

Second College Eleven

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Jerry Huml	Cornell
T	Jim Robinson	Willamette
G	John Thomas	McMurry
C	Duane Kaiser	Adrian
G	Obie Bender	Baldwin-Wallace
T	Tom Geschwind	Ohio Northern
E	Levi Otey	Emory and Henry
Q	Jerry Thacker	Puget Sound
H	Burt Richardson	Lycoming
H	James Paramore	Baker
F	Jay Farrar	Ohio Wesleyan

END, Ed Tingstad
Puget Sound



TACKLE, Bruce Olderman
Allegheny



GUARD, Karl Spear
Baker



CENTER, Max Urick
Ohio Wesleyan



GUARD, W. Henderson
Wofford



KLE, Jim Gladden
DePauw



END, Leroy Davenport
Randolph-Macon



QB, Thomas Quilling
Rocky Mountain



HB, Dave Adams
Baldwin-Wallace



HB, Jerry Snider
Albion



This year, let prayer help you

Start the NEW YEAR Right

By EMALENE SHERMAN

RING out the old, ring in the new. Clang bells, toot horns, have another "cup o' kindness." Don't worry about that blurred vision—it may clear long enough for you to see approaching tragedy during the automobile ride home. After all, this is New Year's Eve!

That's not everybody's kind of New Year's Eve, of course, even though most people will agree that the changing of the year is a time for optimism and joy. If things were bad in '60, they'll certainly improve in '61. Or, if the past year has been a good one, why, there's nothing but more happiness ahead. Having a clean slate is worth celebrating.

But ever since last New Year's Eve, there has been a question in my mind: how many people will spend the last hour of the old year in prayer? Not many, I suppose. But I can vouch for the rewards in doing so.

Last year my husband, my son, Alan, and I decided to do something different on New Year's Eve. We would go to church.

Being caught up in the fast pace of modern living, we were a bit self-conscious about being considered old-fashioned. At first, Alan objected. "It's a night to celebrate in hilarity," he said. "Sunday is for going to church." My husband noted that there was a spectacular on TV that night which he'd have to shut off at its peak to get to the church service. I hesitated, too, wondering—as on other New Year's Eves—what to wear.

But as we drove together to our church, Groesbeck Methodist in Cin-

cinnati, Ohio, we had a feeling of great contentment. Perhaps our experience during that next hour will induce you to pause and consider spending the last 60 minutes of 1960 in a quiet sanctuary, too.

As we entered the door, strangers introduced themselves. Everyone seemed pleasantly surprised and pleased that others had come. That feeling of Christian fellowship grew when we entered the sanctuary and found tables arranged in the form of a cross. The only light came from white candles on the tables and a dim light over the pulpit.

Our minister, the Rev. G. Don Gilmore, seated himself at the head of the cross, and the service began. We opened our hymnals and read together the words of the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Beatitudes. Then came an invitation to Communion; and with the candlelight flickering on the silver trays, we ate bread and drank of the cup.

"Now," said the minister softly, "we will enter the New Year in prayer. What shall we pray for first?"

"Don," came an old man's voice, "let's pray for peace."

After a moment of silent prayer, the minister led us in a prayer for world peace, asking special blessings upon our President and the leaders of other countries.

"What shall we pray for next?" he asked.

"Understanding," answered a young voice. "Understanding of ourselves, our neighbors, and our community. Only then will we be able to understand the world."

Again heads were bowed as each spoke silently with his God. The minister again voiced a prayer expressing the feelings all of us had.

Glancing at my watch, I saw it was nearly midnight.

"There's time for one more prayer," the minister announced. "The new year is just minutes away. Any suggestions?"

"Yes," said my husband. "Let's pray for our church."

"Good!" said Mr. Gilmore. His face was radiant. "And let us pray for the world church also."

We bowed our heads again. I heard fireworks in the distance, sounding otherworldly in our tranquil sanctuary. Unspoken thoughts came and went in the candle glow. The clamor came from afar, but a divine presence seemed to be among us at the dimly lit table.

The minister's voice broke the spell. "Our Father," he began, "we hear the noise outside, just as the clamor of the world continually calls us every day of our lives. But tonight we also hear you."

When his prayer was finished, we stood and sang three hymns chosen by the congregation. With the words of *Abide With Me* ringing in our ears, we stepped into the cold crisp night.

"I'm glad we went to church," said Alan. "It was the best New Year's Eve ever!"

We smiled at one another with a fullness inside that spoke better than words. But we both knew how he felt. We were closer as a family and closer to God.

We started the New Year right!

The Stick-Together Club

By CAROL Z. GROSSMAN

OUR TWINS, Patty and Peter, have been talking since their first early “da-da,” and scarcely have paused—except to sleep—during these eight years. Though it sometimes is annoying, their talk is fun to hear.

Admonishments to “be quiet” or “tell us later” would only stir resentment, and we don’t want to stifle their eager curiosity. Besides, my husband, Jim, and I do our share of tongue wagging, so we may be responsible for their loquaciousness.

The big problem is that the children interrupt—and their young minds don’t realize that this is discourteous.

One evening, behind the camouflage of a newspaper, I searched my own experience for a subtle way to set the children straight. Recalling my own childhood and the three talkative youngsters my parents had to cope with, an idea suddenly popped up.

“You know,” I remarked casually, “I was just remembering that when I was a little girl—”

“What, Mom?”

“How old, Mom?”

I glanced at my husband with a hint of desperation.

“I began to say that when I was a little girl, my family had a club.”

“What kind of a club?”

“What did you do?”

“Did you have fun?”

“Yes, we had a good deal of fun, and we learned some things, too.”

“Like what, Mom?”

“Did you have real meetings and everything?”

I began to explain about the club, and the twins were enthralled. They insisted we organize one immediate-

ly. Their class at school had recently elected a student-council representative, so they knew about democratic procedures.

Jim and I immediately appointed a nominating committee which consisted of our dog, our parakeet, and a puppet named Nemo. Nemo, aided by Patty, presented the slate of officers. Then we campaigned and balloted. By bedtime, each of us held an office.

We also had chosen a name: the Stick-Together Club.

In the months that followed, I noticed small but significant changes in our family life as our club began to function. At one meeting, Patty was describing her friend Susie’s new spring wardrobe when Peter, dwelling on his own thoughts, broke in with, “What color are Chinese license plates?” Patty objected—loudly.

Down went the gavel. Dad, our president, reminded Peter that he must wait his turn to have the floor. Once Peter would have been disgruntled. Now, he was patient—willingly! He’d been ruled out of order more gently and effectively than by a direct reprimand. In fact, we’re all more patient to have pet topics discussed when they’re put on the agenda. We know we’ll eventually have our turn.

One of our first special sessions was called to investigate Patty’s complaint that the insects Peter collected in jars in his room were escaping and disturbing her sleep. She described how an occasional bug brushed against her cheek in the middle of the night or buzzed annoyingly about her ears.

“It’s awful,” she lamented importantly. “I can’t get any sleep!”

“What’s wrong with bugs?” was Peter’s defense. “I touch them all the time and it doesn’t bother me.”

When it came time for a vote, Peter was overruled three to one. It was suggested that he save only those creatures that were properly dead and mounted, and the meeting adjourned amicably.

Another time, Peter announced he was exploring interplanetary travel with a seven-year-old expert and urgently needed more space facts. To accommodate his request, we even postponed a discussion on establishing bedtimes.

Since we started our club, I’ve frequently beaten a hasty path to the public library with my look-alikes in tow. In time, I trust that they’ll learn to research projects for themselves and take joy in doing so. But at present, I’m learning right along with them and broadening my own horizons.

Our stick-together spirit is helping the twins think a little beyond their own personal interests. I was proud of a recent bit of dialogue about the comics and who should read them first.

Ever since our children started to read, we’ve had this weighty problem. Taking turns never works, because no one remembers who had the comics first the last time. Sharing them provides no solution, either, since Peter and Patty can’t agree on what constitutes equal distribution.

After discussing these possibilities, we were about to toss the funnies into the neutrality of the wastebasket. Suddenly, Patty looked lovingly toward her father.

“Gee,” she said softly, “Daddy never gets to read them.”

Peter, always the rational one, remarked, "Yeah. He reads all those big books. He should take it easy with the funnies once in a while."

The resulting decision was unanimous to give Dad the comics first, because he's the most avid reader and needs them for relaxation.

Another time, our talks revealed that Peter needed more time to be alone. Patty, on the other hand, was more gregarious and became restless with too much solitude. Consequently, Peter was given the spare room to pursue his hobbies; Patty was allowed the recreation room to pursue her friendships. Such a decision, with all of us understanding the issues and agreeing on the solution, has given us a much smoother-running household.

Although to the twins our Stick-Together Club is more a game than anything else, I hope they'll discover that what's good for one person may be an anathema to another, and that a tolerant understanding of differences will work to the advantage of both. Perhaps they'll also learn that a family can give each member freedom to grow in his own direction and at his own speed.

Jim and I try hard to be honest about ourselves with the children, and they seem to be following our example. I can detect a diminishing tendency to hide things from each other, and Peter and Patty appear to feel it is safe to bring their grievances and problems to us.

As they grow older, I hope they can better talk out their more important personal feelings—things that touch them deeply, such as questions about religion or sex—not in a "meeting" atmosphere, but separately, in a climate of love and understanding.

A sign that this is possible came the other day in one of those earnest childhood conversations that mothers often can't avoid overhearing.

Patty and a girl friend had been playing outdoors, and the other youngster had accidentally torn her dress. Close to tears, the girl said she was afraid to go home and show her mother.

In a sudden, inspired burst, our Patty had the solution:

"Hey! Why not form a club? You can tell anything in a club, you know!"

"Down went the gavel. Dad, our president, reminded Peter that he must wait his turn to have the floor."





MIDMONTH POWWOW

How to Argue Against **GAMBLING**

You disapprove of gambling, of course. You nod approval when your preacher attacks it. You'd even sign petitions to state legislators. But suppose you're challenged some evening in a friend's home to answer these questions:

1. *All of life is a gamble; at every turn we take chances. What's wrong with making it legal and enjoying it? It can't be sinful; many Roman Catholic churches and some others use bingo, cards, chance wheels, and other devices at carnivals.*

2. *Legalized gambling could open the way for a national lottery to eradicate the national debt. A continuing lottery could reduce or eliminate taxes. Witness the success of foreign lotteries.*

There they are—two deceptively plausible arguments sweeping the country. To help you organize your rebuttal we've lined up three on-the-spot reports.—Eds.

'Tell how it downgrades the conscience'

... advises **Oren Arnold**

Former President of the Phoenix, Ariz., Kiwanis Club

THE let's-legalize-gambling propaganda—which, incidentally, stems largely from Nevada—is so smooth that nobody can prove it even exists. I know, for it pours in waves into my state, neighboring Arizona. The nature of this propaganda is to have no source, to appear to be generating in the minds of the people. Actually, the most effective campaigners pose as lovable souls trying to do what is best for us all. And you may be sure they make many a convert.

A typical operation took place not long ago in Phoenix, a city of 450,000 distinguished as a church town. An affable speaker presented himself to

the program committee of the largest Kiwanis club. He wanted to tell about a proposed new transcontinental highway through Arizona—and the committee was delighted!

But this "road advocate" barely mentioned the highway. Instead, he pitched his talk into a 20-minute appeal for legalized gambling in Arizona. His arguments lulled the normal perceptions of those men like a shot of morphine. I know; I was president of the club. It took months for some of us to realize what he had done. Meanwhile, he had moved on to victimize other groups.

We've all been sired by "the



lure of Las Vegas." That city and Reno are painted as the glamour capitals of the world. Thousands of miles away, billboards promise fun at a Nevada club. The name, Las Vegas, has become synonymous with luxury, adventure, entertainment, and prestige. Millions go there on vacations; a fraction of 1 per cent leave as winners—and are so exhilarated that they become propagandists for the whole show.

In reality, almost all leave as losers, many as bankrupts. The truth about money losses, thievery, prostitution, alcoholism, suicides, family suffering, divorces, and related troubles stemming from gambling in Nevada is fantastic. Public-relations experts are hired to keep this aspect hidden.

Nobody knows these facts better than Nevada's Christian families. Unfortunately, they lack funds to wage a counter-campaign. But they urge us Arizonans to hold the fort. "Don't be fools," they plead. "Don't be overwhelmed by glittering promises. Don't let neon signs blind you to reality."

The gamblers did drive a wedge into Arizona; today you can bet all you wish there on horse and dog races. Promoters now use this as an argument for legalized card gambling, roulette, dice, and slot machines. "There's no difference," they say. They're right. But they're wrong in saying, "There's no harm."

They point to the fact that casinos pay taxes and to the occasional charity benefits. One such benefit they cite netted \$980 for handicapped children—which sounds great, until you remember that salaries, overhead, insurance, and money lost by the bettors totaled over \$50,000.

Strangely, many otherwise distin-

guished Christians come out in favor of legalized gambling and lotteries. Typical is a recent instance of a manufacturer-financier in my town. This man wrote a long letter to our paper, pleading for a national lottery. He cited all the old, shallow arguments, including the fact that some churches conduct lotteries, and advocated that U.S. post offices sell \$5 lottery tickets each week. He estimated a weekly government income of \$250 million, or a net of \$13 billion a year. He said nothing about the downgrading of conscience, the encouragement of loose living, the whole tragic impact of such a folly on the human soul.

Arizona can be accepted as a guide in keeping more dirt out. Twice in the last six years propaganda campaigns have been conducted to legalize gambling there. In each instance, Protestants, aided by some Catholics and Jews, leaped to action. From their pulpits, ministers asked congregations to sign petitions denying a place for the gambling question on the ballot. Service clubs, women's groups, schools, all gave their strength. One state senator, a Catholic, warned: "Desirable major industry would pull out at once if a law legalizing gambling were passed. Such a law would be a catastrophe to our state."

Much desirable industry already has pulled out of Nevada and much more has bypassed it. That's because experience has shown that executives and laborers alike throw their salaries away at the casinos and soon develop family lives so miserable that business efficiency is killed. It was by facing up to such facts and spreading them that we licked the gamblers in these battles in Arizona.

"take." The only real winner is the bingo operator, whose profit sometimes reaches a fantastic 95 per cent.

Only a step removed from bingo are lotteries and raffles. Typically, the prizes they yield are worth between 20 and 40 per cent of what the gullible public spends on tickets. And for such large lotteries as the Irish Sweepstakes, racketeers sell counterfeit tickets by the thousands.

Some of the country's prize chumps are football and baseball fans—the self-styled experts who think they can predict winners in betting pools. The odds are 35,960 to 1 against winning high total score for a selection of 4 games out of 32, and over 200,000 to 1 against collecting on 5 games. Here the only expert is the professional operator, who may collect nearly \$10,000 a week on a 25-cent pool—and usually keeps two thirds of it.

Other suckers are those who play cards and dice for money, unaware that most of these games are crooked. Sharps frequently switch fixed dice for "honest" ones, and marked cards for factory-sealed decks. Some gaming tables have a plate than can be magnetized by throwing a switch to make specially prepared dice turn up losing totals.

The glittering casinos of places like Las Vegas don't need to rig their tables; honest games make huge profits. A single roulette wheel brings in at least \$4,000 a night.

What about those countless taverns, cafes, newsstands, and small shops where gaudy punchboards attract the nickel, dime, and quarter business? Small change—some of it from children—quickly adds up into dollars for the proprietor, who pockets between 50 and 70 per cent of the cash paid for punches.

Probably the fastest way to throw away coins is to pump them into slot machines. These devices are fixed to keep from 40 to 80 per cent of the money they swallow, and the operator can adjust them to suit himself. Even when the machine is set to be "generous," the jack-pot combination appears only once in about 4,000 spins.

The numbers game, which victimizes low-wage earners, is a type of lottery popular in large cities. Operators take bets as small as a penny on any three-digit number. Even

'Point out the odds against winning'

... suggests Ernest E. Blanche

Statistical Analyst and Author of *The Mathematics of Gambling*

YOU CAN'T WIN at gambling. Whether it's bingo in a church basement or a bet with a street-corner bookie, the odds are against you. What's more, professional operators' gimmicks and gadgets slam the door on any chance you have of winning.

Tell your friends about innocent-appearing bingo, for example. It whets the appetite for further gambling, and it's fertile ground for racketeers. Even though there's a winner every game, the cost of prizes rarely consumes even half of the total

when a bettor beats the 1,000 to 1 odds against him, the payoff rate, at best, will not exceed 600 to 1. Since policy-slip distributors deduct 10 per cent on winners, numbers racketeers usually wind up with more than half of the money wagered.

Horse-race bettors are left at the post before the track opens. From 12 to 22 per cent of the cash they wager legally through pari-mutuels is the "cut" of the track, leaving about a third of the money to the state. And for every dollar bet legally at the track, \$100 illegally passes through the hands of bookies.

Is there a "system" for winning at the races? Many bettors think so, but they always fail in the long run. One system requires that the bet be doubled in size after every loss. Pertinent is the story of a horse appropriately named Tragic Ending. After winning a race in 1941, Tragic Ending lost his next 31 starts. If some "systematic" track fan had bet \$1 on

him in his first loss and had doubled the bet for each succeeding race, he would have lost over \$2 billion!

Despite the coldly mathematical reasons why the gambling odds can't be beaten, bills to legalize gambling or to create a national lottery still draw support. Arguments of their sponsors boil down to the tenet that the end—usually a painless way of supporting government—justifies the means.

You can argue in rebuttal that besides being morally and legally wrong, the lottery—like other forms of gambling—does more than mulct unsuspecting victims. It changes the very pattern of our living, distorts our sense of values, and incubates crime. The lottery is a Frankenstein monster capable of consuming both those who run it and those who play it. The profits from a lottery, even if used to reduce governmental debt, would be today's 30 pieces of silver paid for betrayal.

'Expose it as a gnawing social evil'

... says **Richard D. Isler**

Executive Director, The Council of Churches of Greater Cincinnati

I KNOW WHY the editors of *TOGETHER* asked me how I argue against gambling. It's a topic I hardly can avoid as executive director of the Council of Churches of Greater Cincinnati. My associates and I are literally face to face with the problem, for just across the Ohio River lies Newport, Ky., known almost as well by its nickname "Sintown."

Newport's occasional reform movements—almost always led by ministers and prominent laymen—have been most disappointing. Vice flourishes there because the churches never have forcefully presented the case against gambling as a social evil. They haven't learned that to equate drinking a glass of beer in a legally operated tavern with patronage in a large, illegal gambling operation only holds churches up to ridicule.

To argue effectively against gambling, I find that I first must make a clear distinction between a simple private bet and organized, promoted gambling—both legal and illegal—which thrives in some form in almost every American community. I try to

cast aside any puritanical and individualistic approach and expose gambling as a gnawing social evil.

Certainly there are aspects of gambling which touch upon individual morality. But the most powerful ammunition I have found for undercutting proponents of legalized gambling are examples of its immoral influence on a community and the disastrous social disintegration it leaves in its wake.

I tell them about Newport, whose lurid reputation enhances Cincinnati's attractiveness as a convention city. This was openly recognized by our mayor, who welcomed a labor-union convention to Cincinnati with the usual politician's platitudes, then—in a boys-will-be-boys tone—urged the delegates not to spend all their free time on the other side of the river.

The backbone of Newport's vice is a large, prosperous, illegal, but apparently socially acceptable gambling business. Thriving also are its by-products: prostitution, evasion of liquor regulations, and an inclina-

tion to wink at "inconvenient" laws.

Back in 1951, the Senate Committee to Investigate Organized Crime in Interstate Commerce made some Newport businessmen squirm. But not the chief of police. That stalwart was "surprised" to hear of gambling in his bailiwick. Word apparently hadn't reached him of Newport's notoriety, which has been snickered at since the turn of the century. This official "blindness" is just one symptom of gambling infection.

To combat organized gambling, the social evil it represents must be understood in all its ramifications. One is the fact that other vices flourish with gambling. Another is the disastrous consequences of the something-for-nothing attitude which always accompanies gambling. And certainly to be kept in mind is the close alliance between large-scale gambling, legal or not, and organized crime.

Churches find it easier to fight individual immorality than to do battle with evil which is social in nature. Too few approach social evil effectively. Yet I believe the Gospel speaks just as relevantly about correcting evils facing all society as about those which confront people individually.

To be sure, the Bible holds no magic solutions to 20th-century social problems. But we need read no further than the great prophets to discover that God spoke, through his chosen ones, on the great social and economic and political issues of the day. He still speaks to our day.

Any church confronted by the social evil that is gambling has a unique opportunity not only to serve the community but also to deepen and enrich the faith of its members. Churchmen agree that gambling is evil and should be fought. The trouble is that, too often, the real nature of the evil has not been understood—and, therefore, the approach to gambling has been irrelevant and at times even laughable.

The most effective argument I've found against gambling is to unmask it as a social evil. This results in the much more important discovery of the social relevance of the Gospel of Christ, and opens a multitude of new avenues for service by a church, as such, or by any group of concerned Christians acting as citizens.

When Hannah Var Eight Yar Old

By KATHERINE PEABODY GIRLING

"WERE YOU a little girl, Hannah, when you came to America?" I asked.

"No," she replied, letting her sewing fall in her lap as her grave eyes sought mine slowly. "I var a big girl eight yar old."

"Eight years old? How big you must have been! Can you tell me about it? Why you came?"

The recent accounts of people driven to America by tragedy, or drawn by a larger hope of finding a life to live in addition to earning a living, had colored my thoughts for days. Have all immigrants—the will-less, leaden people who pass in droves through our railway stations; the patient, indifferent toilers by the roadside; the maids who cook and mend for us; this girl who sits sewing with me today—have all these a memory and a vision? Is each of them in some degree a Mary Antin? So I closed the magazine and asked her.—"A big girl eight yar old," she said.

"Oh, well," Hannah explained, "in old country if you are eight yar old and comes younger child'n in familie, you are old woman; you gotta be, or who shall help de moder?"

"Yes? Did your father and mother bring you?" I continued, probing for the story.

"No—fader and moder var daid. My h'aunt, my fader's broder's wife, se came for us. It cost her 28 dollar, but se do it."

"To Sweden and back for \$28?"

READER'S CHOICE

This sweet-sad story of courage on the part of a small girl in Sweden was first nominated by Mrs. Henry Lewis of Sioux Falls, S.D., among 38 others. Printed in *The Atlantic Monthly* in November, 1932, it also appeared in *Reader's Digest*. Mrs. Lewis receives \$25, as will you if you're first to nominate a favorite story later printed.—EDS.



"Den se put on me a shawl and tie it behind under my arms, and se lean heavy on me, and we go out into de shed."

"Seventeen yar ago, yes, but of course you must to take your own providings. It don't require much." Hannah's shoulders drew together expressively. "Madam knows se is apt to miss her appetite at sea!"

"But too well." I shrugged sympathetically. Then we both laughed.

"I can tell you how it is I came Ahmericah, but"—Hannah waited for words to express her warning—"it will make you a sharp sadness."

"Please."

"I don't know if I can tell it to you good, but I tell it so good as I can. My fader he var Swedish fisherman vat h'own his boat and go away by weeks and weeks, and sometimes comes strong wedder and he can't make it to get home quick." Hannah hesitated, and then in lowered tones of soft apology added, "My moder se var a ver' pretty woman. Var three child'n more as me—Olga var six yar

old, and Hilda four, and Jens—well, Jens var just a baby, suppose yar and half. We live in a little house close on by de sea. It is jüst a little house, but it can to have a shed with a floor of stone. The door of de shed is broken so it is like a window mitout glass.

"The house is close on by a big dock where in somer time comes big excursion steamer mit—suppose hundred tourist people who climb on de mountain up de road. My moder se sell dem hot coffee, also bread and cheese, but dat is not de reason why we live in de little so lonesome house. It is de big dock is de reason.

"My fader he can to come home from late fishings mitout needing dat he sall walk on de roads. In Sweden in winter de roads swallow snow till it makes dangersome to you to walk because hides holes to step in. We live dere all somer, but in late

autumn my fader he say, 'What about de winter?'

"My moder se say, 'I don't know, but anyway ve try it vonce.'

"Den my fader he go away in his boat and my moder se get bad cold and comes sickness on her, and ven se could n't to keep care on us by reason se is too weak, se lay on de cot in de kitchen room and vatch on me dat I sall learn to keep care on de child'n."

BUT what did you live on? How did you keep warm?"

"Oh—is plenty fuel, and ve make hot stew of dried meat mit rice and raisins.

"One day my moder se say me, 'Hannah,' se say, 'you bain a big girl; I must to tell you sometings. You fader is very late, it seems, and winter comes now. I cannot to wait much more. It is soon I got to go. You must n't take a fear of me if I come all white like de snow and don't talk mit you any more. De little child'n dey will take a fear and cry. I cannot to bring a fear on my little child'n.'

"So se tell me what I sall do—I sall close her eyes up, tie her hands togeder, and lock de shed door."

Hannah had resumed her sewing. Her thread fairly snapped as stitch fell by even stitch with monotonous rhythm. In quiet, uneventful tone she continued:

"So one night pretty soon se make dat I sall bring her best nightgown and help her mit to put it on. Den se kiss de little child'n in deir sleepings and se sit on a stool by de fire and say I sall put Jens in her arms. Se try to rock back and fort' and se sing on him a little hymn. But se is too weak and I must to take him.

"Den se put on me a shawl and tie it behind under my arms, and se lean heavy on me, and we go out into de shed. My moder se do her bare feet on de stone floor. Se have yust but her nightgown on, but it is her best one mit crocheted lace at de neck and wrists. Se tell me I sall put de ironing board across two chair seats, but it is too heavy and se sall try to help me, but comes coughing on her and se hold on by de shed door.

"Se look out across de road and de mountain all mit snow white and mit moonlight cold. And blood is on her lips, but se wipe it away mit a snow

bunch. Well, anyway, we do de ironing board across de chair seats and I spread a white sheet and put a head cushion and my moder lie down and I cover her mit a more other sheet over.

"Oh, Moder," I say, "let me make some warm covering on you."

"'No,' se say, so soft dat I listen mit my ear, 'I must to come here while I yet have de stren'th, but I want to go quick away, and in de cold I go more quick. Oh, Hannah!' se say, 'my big daughter! You are so comfortable to me!'

"So I hold my moder's hand. Pretty soon it comes cold. I klapp it mit mine, but it comes more cold. I crumple it up and breath my hot breath in it, but it comes not warm any more. So mit my fader's Sunday handkerchief I bind her eyes like if you play blindman mit de child'n, and mit an apron string I tie her hands togeder.

"Den I go back and make my hands warm in de kitchen room, and I take de comb down off de string, and I go back to my moder and make her hair in two braids like as I did all when se was sick. My moder se haf very strong hair; it is down by her knees on and so yellow—so yellow as a copper teakettle! It could to haf been red. Den I lock de shed door and crawl in bed.

"Next day I tell de child'n dat Moder is gone away. Dey cry some, but pretty soon dey shut up. Anyway, it is so long se haf lain on de cot in de kitchen room dat dey don't haf to miss her.

"So I keep care on de child'n and play mit dem, and some days go by. Comes stronger wedder mit storms of sleet and snow, and de wind sob and cry. Comes nobody on. At night when de child'n are sleeping I unlock de shed door and go to see if it makes all right mit my moder. Sometimes it is by moonlight I see on her, but more often it is by candle glimmer."

Hannah broke the subdued tone of her narrative to add in a lower, more confiding note, "It is mit me now dat when I see a candle on light I haf a sharp sadness.

"Pretty soon de wedder is more better, and comes a man trompling troo de snow to tell my moder dat her husband can't come home yust yet—he is drowned in de sea. When he see how it is mit my moder and

mit me and de little child'n, de water stands in his eyes—ya.

"And he go on, troo de snow, tree, four mile nearer on de city to de big castle where live de lady vat h'own all de land and se come in sleigh mit four horsen and big robes of fur and yingling bells. Se see on my moder and se go quick away, but so soon as it can, se come again and se do on my moder a white robe, heavy mit lace, most beautiful! And white stockings of silk and white slippers broidered mit pearlen. Se leaf my moder's hair, as I fix it, in two braids, but se put a wreath of flowers, white and green, yust like de real ones. Is few real flowers in Sweden in winter.

"Anyway, dese var like de flowers a girl vat gets married should to wear. Den my lady se send her sleigh dat all de people should come and see on de so brave woman vat could n't to bring a fear on her little child'n. And de people dey make admiration on my moder. Dey say it is de prettist dey ever see it, and dey make pity dat se couldn't to see it herself." She paused and breathed deeply. "I wish se could have to seen dose slippers!"

"And did no one tell you that you were a wonderful little girl?"

"Oh, vell—I var eight yar old."

"But what became of you all?"

"My lady took us home in her sleigh mit—I want to stay mit my moder, but se say I sall come to keep care on de child'n dat dey don't cry. And dey don't cry—dey laugh mit de yingling bells. De need was on me strong, but I don't cry before my lady. Se var great dame vat go in de court mit de queen. Se sent men and dey do my moder in a coffin and carry her to a little chapel house in cemetaire and in de spring ven de snow is gone dey bury her.

MY LADY se put a white stone mit my moder's name and some poetry—I can't to say it good in English, but it says, 'The stren'th in the heart of her poor is the hope of Sweden.'

"And then did your aunt come?"

"Ya; my lady se wrote on my fader's broder vat var in Ahmericah. Se say we can to stay mit her, but my oncle he sent his wife, and we come back mit her on Ahmericah, and dat is all how I came to be here."



New nation in an old land: Here cattle still tread out grain on threshing floors.

Pakistan:

A New Land of Decision



RELIGION HELPED create the Islamic Republic of Pakistan. But the men who carved it into two sections from the body of ancient India were not followers of Christ, as were many who founded America; they were followers of Mohammed, prophet of Allah. With independence in 1947, Pakistan became the largest Moslem country in the world; its west and east sections, both heavily populated, are as far apart as Chicago and Denver.

Yet Christianity is stronger here (some 400,000 Christians out of 85 million population) than in vast Arab countries nearby. Missionaries say Moslems resist Christianity more than other non-Christians, but that there is religious freedom in Pakistan. This helps focus Methodism's spotlight on one of its great areas of opportunity: Pakistan, now going about the giant task of converting undeveloped lands and uneducated masses into a stable, modern nation.

8 out of 10 Are Moslems

THE METHODIST CHURCH will concentrate on West Pakistan as one of its four great Lands of Decision during the 1960-64 quadrennium. This is a largely arid country, much of it a sun-seared plateau stretching southward from the formidable Himalayas. West Pakistan is almost as large as Texas and Oklahoma combined. Its population is 37 million (that of East Pakistan, where there is no Methodist work, is about 48 million). Eighty per cent of these millions are Moslems because, during the religious riots and massacres which followed partition along religious lines in 1947, millions of Hindus fled to India and millions of Moslem peasants poured from India into Pakistan.

Most Christians were unmolested in the bloody uprisings and left free to set up hospitals, aid the suffering, and share the burden of rehabilitation. So well did they do their work in those dark days that one aged Pakistani remarked: "I have heard of Christianity all of my life. Now I am seeing it in action." In 1961, the work is being stepped up.



The challenge and the hope: In old Karachi (above) where population has zoomed from 300,000 to 1.2 million since 1947, refugees still live in filth in the shadow of new apartment buildings.



The strong men of Pakistan are coolies who bear their burdens the ancient way. This man (left) toted his 250-pound load many miles across a blazing plain.



Anachronism: The ancient pageantry of a street procession pauses (at right) beneath a store sign which is written in English.



Readers of the Book: Scholars study the Koran (above) interpret its sacred writ for Moslem faithful.





These Pakistani girls are enrolling in Methodism's Lucie Harrison School.

Illiteracy: Pakistan's No. 1 Enemy

OUTSIDE a mission compound at Karachi is a large Bible, displayed under glass and lighted at night. The Bible is in Urdu, the language of many Pakistanis, and at all times earnest readers are present. Sometimes the missionaries receive visitors or telephone messages saying, "Turn the page, please."

That there are not more readers, and that the request is not repeated more often, is the tragedy of Pakistan. Only 1 man in 10 can read his own language. This, against a background of squalor, poverty, and overcrowding, becomes the church's primary challenge.

While Christianity finds the greatest number of converts among the Hindu minority left in Pakistan after partition, the number of converts among Moslems is increasing as education influences many to turn from old traditions and beliefs. Usually, however, the Moslem who makes the change does so at the risk of severing family ties. One such case involved a young Moslem, a student in a Christian school at Lahore, who was converted to Christianity. He was ordered out of the home by his father.

Without food, clothing, or money, he could hardly have survived had it not been for Methodist friends who made it possible for him to continue his schooling—and for the mother who secretly smuggled food to her son at night!

Coupled with Methodism's program to help reduce illiteracy and boost the Pakistanis to a higher economic level is its usual work in the field of medicine. In addition to health centers, the United Christian Hospital, which grew out of refugee sufferings in partition days, has established a lasting place for itself in Lahore and vicinity. Support for the hospital, now launching a five-year building program, comes largely from Methodist and United Presbyterian churches. Eventually, the institution is expected to become a specialist hospital serving all Pakistan.

Face of the future: This village boy is an eager student at Raewind Christian Institute. He plans to be a teacher.





Christian Schools Set NEW Goals...

IN PAKISTAN, where less than 10 per cent of the people can read and write, the church's missionary emphasis is on education programs steadily being expanded. Already there are some 15 institutions which Methodism either sponsors directly or is backing in association with other Protestant denominations. There are grade schools, high schools, colleges, seminaries. Forman Christian College in Lahore, which Presbyterians operate in co-operation with The Methodist Church, is considered the finest college in its province. Kinnaird College for Women, Pakistan's only Christian college for women, has Methodists on its staff, while educational standards at Methodism's Lucie Harrison Girls' High School are so high that many more non-Christian girls in Lahore apply for admission than can be accommodated. A Christian school at Raewind serves the needs of village boys.

It is no accident that modern agricultural methods are stressed in these institutions of higher learning. An estimated 9 out of every 10 Pakistanis are farmers living in rural villages. Only by learning improved farming methods can these people raise themselves above subsistence level, now that the government has instituted land reforms and is dividing multi-thousand-acre estates into small farms.

*Magic sights and sounds from
far-off Christian lands help raise
new goals for Pakistani youth.*



In a sunny outdoor setting, a Christian teacher leads a Bible-study class.





She's studying chemistry at Kinnaird College, a Protestant school, where women rejoice in new-found opportunities to learn and launch their own careers.



Eyes on the future: At Forman Christian College, Lahore, Methodists and Presbyterians co-operate to educate new Pakistani leaders, both Christian and non-Christian. These physics students, shown with their instructor, will help their country industrialize.



Neither Hindu nor Moslem, but Christians—and Methodists, too. The Pakistanis shown leading a service and those leaving church (below) make up a large religious minority of Christians in the new Islamic republic, truly a Land of Decision.

Christianity on the March...

BISHOP CLEMENT D. ROCKEY, who has devoted most of his life to The Methodist Church in India and Pakistan, estimates the 1960 Methodist community in West Pakistan at 53,000. This is nearing a twofold increase since the nation's partition 13 years ago. There are 6 churches in the larger cities and 20 in the villages, with more than 50 missionary workers in the field. During the next four years, as the church puts major emphasis on Pakistan, there will be no illusions about the size of the task at hand. Mary and Max Lowdermilk, a husband-wife missionary team, sum it up this way: "As we go to villages and worship in the churches, we see...poverty...illiteracy...inadequate medical facilities. In so many of our churches there are no Sunday schools, no MYF groups, no women's groups. There is no program for training lay workers. We must do a great deal to teach Christian living in the home. There is much to be done."



Reform in the Slaughterhouse

*Federal law now demands humane killing of meat animals,
but the fight against abattoir cruelty is far from over.*

RECENTLY, on the killing floor of a Midwestern slaughterhouse, we saw (and heard) an employee called a "knocker" swing his primitive sledge hammer a dozen times before he succeeded in stunning three frightened, bellowing steers. We've had the unenviable experience, in an antiquated pork abattoir, of observing a poorly stuck pig hit the scalding tank in a conscious state. We've seen lambs and calves, shackled and hanging head down, bleed to death in the same unstunned state.

In an Omaha, Nebr., packing plant, we watched a shackler wrestle four hysterical hogs in order to clap a chain around the hind leg of one. The chain, circling a 12-foot overhead wheel, snapped taut as the hoist began to turn. But the hog was pinned beneath two other panic-stricken porkers totaling 450 pounds. The wheel ground on until the victim, hauled by one leg, exploded from the squirming mass, kicking and screaming. Why the leg wasn't torn from its socket we don't understand.

No matter how you slice it, this is medieval brutality—strangely out of place in a world of professed cultural refinement, atomic marvels, and electronic miracles. Yet, in a great many of the 3,000 or more small slaughterhouses scattered from Johnson Street in Brooklyn to Townsend Street in San Francisco, these grisly practices (except for the relatively rare scalded pig) are far from uncommon.

What makes this sorry state of affairs the more deplorable is that on August 30, 1960, a federal law requiring humane treatment for animals being led to the slaughter went into effect in the United States. The

Humane Slaughter Law, passed by Congress in August, 1958, prescribes that livestock must be made insensible to pain "by a single blow, gunshot, electric, chemical, or other rapid means, before they are shackled, hoisted, cast, thrown, or cut."

Overlooking the shameful fact that it came 84 years after Switzerland enacted similar legislation and long after a dozen other countries (and the Fiji Islands) abolished needless abattoir cruelty, our new code of slaughtering standards is hardly more than a step in the right direction. It carries no criminal penalties for violators. It affects only about 240 packers who sell meat to the federal government.

These large packing houses account for an estimated 80 per cent of all livestock killed each year for meat—99,414,897 head in 1959. But this leaves some 20 million animals a year that can still be clubbed, or shackled head down, kicking until they bleed to death, in the thousands of smaller packing plants free to use methods as cruel as they are out of date.

The battle for decency in our slaughterhouses has been waged for 27 years, led by properly indignant humane societies. When the societies, frustrated by years of public ignorance and meat-industry apathy, began their latest drive for legislation in 1954, they went all out to educate everyone.

Results were explosive. One senator sloshed through nearly 45,000 letters urging him on. The House Committee on Agriculture drew a record deluge of mail.

The peoples' long-overdue outcry followed the failure of the meat packers for two decades to do more

than "study" humane proposals. Under the rising crescendo of vocal thunder, a subcommittee of the House Committee on Agriculture held public hearings. Members visited the largest and most respectable plants, saw the daily atrocities, and approved the humane slaughter bill by a voice vote.

But it wasn't just approval of the bill that turned the tide. The subcommittee spread on public records reams of vivid testimony revealing horrors of which most people had known nothing: The squealing of terrified hogs, the sickening bouts between harried men and bellowing steers in panic, the convulsive thrashings of creatures in their death throes, sometimes spattering blood over men and animals, walls and floors—where it mixed with fright-induced excretions.

In any plant, good or bad, the meat animal is dispatched by cutting its throat or otherwise severing its carotid arteries, because it must be bled as well as killed. But the manner in which the creature is brought to this point is the crux of the whole business. Methods practiced by all but a few U.S. slaughterhouses prior to last August, and still in effect at many a local abattoir, date back nearly a century.

Because of their size and strength, cattle are first knocked unconscious. This is accomplished with a sledge hammer or maul in the hands of a powerful man who stands on a platform and belts each animal on the forehead as it enters the knocking pen. If his aim is perfect, the stunned beast rolls out on the killing floor for the remainder of the procedure.

But if the steer shies or swings its head, the sledge misses its mark. It

may break a jaw, gouge out an eye, or otherwise painfully injure the beast. If so, it is thrown into complete panic. The task of stunning it *then* needs no elaboration—and explains part of a worker-injury record placing the meat packers one of the worst among 40 key industries.

Sheep, hogs, and sometimes calves are handled differently. They are shackled and stuck. A shackler slips a chain noose around one of the animal's hind legs and it is hoisted aloft, head down—smoothly and quietly if all goes well, or with a bone-cracking yank if the animal turns the wrong way, falls, or catches a leg under the door of the shackling box.

Then the unfortunate creature, fighting frantically, is carried by one leg on an endless chain to the sticker, whose job is to slip a stiletto blade into the struggling animal's throat and slit the big arteries accurately without amputating his own hand. This same kind of badly muffed hoist often results in what packers call a "spread hind" on a hog. In plain English it means a fractured pelvis.

Such preposterous manhandling causes a bedlam of hysterical animal screams and squeals. The turmoil, in turn, panics the incoming victims with a terror we would not dream of inflicting on ruthless criminals, whom we execute with great delicacy.

Cruelty like this should not have required legislation to remedy. Experience in Europe with electric stunning, as well as the exemplary work of a few big U.S. packers, should have provided ample evidence of the many advantages of more modern methods.

AT THE Hormel plant in Austin, Minn., 600 hogs per hour are handled without animal agony or human risk in a single, ingenious carbon-dioxide immobilizer installed in 1950. The system was invented and developed by Hormel's engineers. The animals proceed single file along a rubber-lined lane and are admitted one at a time to a CO₂ chamber. Here a few whiffs of gas anesthetize them for 25 seconds. Unconscious, they roll onto a conveyor that carries them, silent and still, to the stickers in 10 seconds.

Gone is the furor and panic which

formerly made the terrified animals so unmanageable. They arrive at the end of the line sound asleep in the correct position, and the stickers' job is enormously simplified. Proof of the system's economic advantage is the fact that Hormel has since installed it in *all* its plants.

Another simple but effective device has been in use for 14 years at Oscar Mayer & Company of Madison, Wis. It is known as the captive-bolt stunner and renders animals insensible. Long used in European slaughterhouses to replace the inhumanities of the sledge hammer, this tool is a sort of handgun actuated either by a powder charge or by compressed air. Instead of a free-flying bullet, its projectile is a bolt fastened to the frame. After each shot the bolt is returned to the barrel, much as is the cork in Junior's popgun.

Like so many new and progressive ideas, the captive-bolt stunner immediately ran into a barrage of objections from most slaughterers. One major criticism was that the device didn't prevent animals from arriving at the knocking pen in a highly excited, head-tossing state. How did you hold cattle still enough to use the instrument? they asked—and returned to the maul.

Then, a few years ago, a foreman named Harold Watson at the Seitz Packing Company in St. Joseph, Mo.—another progressive company—had an idea. On summer evening rides through the country, he pondered the way deer and other wild animals stand transfixed by the beam of a car's headlight. Why wouldn't cattle do the same thing in a slaughterhouse?

Floodlights installed at bull's-eye level at the end of the Seitz pens quickly proved they would. Even excited steers led into the frightening dead end of the knocking box suddenly stood stock still, stared into the fascinating beam, and enabled the knocker to perform his job humanely—and, consequently, swiftly and economically.

Despite the advantages of the captive-bolt stunner demonstrated by Mayer, Seitz, and a progressive group of small packers who have used this technique voluntarily for years, the device still is remarkably slow in catching on. According to a representative of one publication which

has been active in the fight for humane slaughter within the packing industry, "There is, unhappily, a significant group of small packers who have proclaimed unwillingness to invest in any new methods until they are forced to do so by local legislation."

Complicating the whole sordid picture from the outset has been the fact that kosher slaughterers have opposed reform, on the grounds that religious freedom is involved.

THE ritual of kosher killing prescribes that an animal must arrive clean, whole, and unblemished at the point where the rabbi makes the final thrust. Orthodox rabbis and kosher packers have interpreted this to mean that the animal must be conscious, and they have insisted that the rugged shackling and hoisting alive is the only practical means to comply with the biblical law.

Hence the new federal legislation provides exceptions for ritual packers. Many small nonkosher packers have been quick to line up behind the religious groups, arguing: "If they don't have to, why should we?"

All that may change. A few months ago, Canada Packers, Ltd., in Toronto, came up with a new device that will enable kosher packers to abandon shackling and hoisting living cattle and still comply with religious doctrine. It is a plain steel box into which the animal is led or prodded. As a padded gate shuts behind the animal, it nudges him forward so his head and neck protrude at an angle through a window at the other end, where the cut is made quickly and painlessly. In a matter of seconds the creature falls unconscious, the side of the pen opens, and the shackler does his job on an inert carcass without a struggle. Up to 70 cattle per hour can be processed in this inexpensive holding pen.

This is the first known humane handling device to get orthodox rabbinical approval in the United States. Rabbi Eliezer Silver, national chairman of the Presidium of Orthodox Rabbis, and Rabbi Joseph Soloveitchik of Boston have both endorsed it. As of the time this article went to press, however, no kosher packers in the United States had shown any interest in the device.

About five years ago it became clear that only a few companies had adopted humane techniques during a quarter of a century of agitation for reform. So local humane societies, equipped mainly with ball-point pens, shoe leather, and vocal cords, pressed the battle from coast to coast.

Their war cry was simple: "Write your congressman." And people wrote in torrents. They wrote at the behest of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Council of Catholic Women, and the Methodist Woman's Division of Christian Service, largest denominational woman's organization.

Far more important was the fact that women from these organizations began to carry names of humane slaughterhouses in their shopping bags. Possibly it occurred to congressmen that the housewives could also carry a list of those who voted against reform—for suddenly a landslide began. The Senate, after seven hours of bitter debate, passed the measure by a vote of 72 to 9.

There is still plenty left to do before our slaughterhouse floor is mopped clean. The present law needs to be strengthened. Canada has just passed strict legislation covering all meat for interprovincial and export trade. The law prescribes the use of mechanical stunning devices, carbon-dioxide gas, or electrical current to render slaughter animals unconscious, and it carries criminal penalties for violations.

The main task immediately ahead for the nation's still-embattled humane groups is to assail the state legislatures. The thousands of small plants untouched by federal humane regulations can be brought into line only by state action. Bills have been defeated recently in New York, Michigan, Connecticut, Ohio, Rhode Island, and Tennessee. But the humane societies refuse to quit. In California, Washington, Wisconsin, New Hampshire, and Minnesota, humane slaughter laws were enacted last year. Bills are now on the dockets or are being prepared in the legislatures of the remaining states for 1961.

In due time, determined housewives will force the issue in every state capital. In the name of decency they deserve everyone's outspoken support.



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

When our daughter was four, she went to church for the first time with her grandma. On her return her father asked her what the minister's sermon was about.

"I don't know, Daddy. He didn't say."

—MRS. RANDALL NEAL, *Eaton, Maine*

A tourist pulled up in front of a shiny new hotel in Florida, handed his suitcase to the porter, and announced, "I have come here to spend the winter."

The porter shook his head and answered, "You've come to the wrong place. We don't have any winter here."

—EDWARD BENTLEY, *Jackson, Mich.*

Parson: "Do you know the parables, my son?"

Johnny: "Yes, sir."

Parson: "And which do you like best?"

Johnny: "The one where somebody loaf and fishes."

—JENNIE MYERS, *Camby, Ind.*

The day the Rev. Smith took a turn for the better after a long and serious illness, the old church janitor decided to give townspeople the good news. They had been calling continuously to ask about the minister. So on the bulletin board outside the church, the janitor posted this announcement:

"God is good—Smith is better!"

—GLORIA FOSTER, *La Mesa, Calif.*

The beginners' Sunday-school teacher used gold stars at the top of pupils' papers to reward excellent work.

One boy who received a large zero on his took the paper home and explained to his mother:

"Teacher ran out of stars, so she gave me a moon!"

—FLORENCE NAGLE, *St. Paul, Minn.*

A boy read from his Sunday-school lesson, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." A girl thought for a moment and added, "And whatever a woman seweth she has to wear. My daddy said so."

—MRS. MARIAN ADAMS, *Arlington, Iowa*

In presenting to his congregation the findings of the finance committee and explaining the need for more contributions, the minister sought to praise the laymen who have the best interests of the church at heart.

"You know," he said, "the preacher is the shepherd of his flock, and the finance committee acts as his crook."

—MRS. ROBERT MOULTON, *Galion, Ohio*

The new Methodist minister was introducing his small son to a welcoming layman. "And this is my son John."

"Well," asked the layman, "are you John the Baptist?"

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I'm John the Med'odist."

—MRS. DAVID LETWAS, *Puyallup, Wash.*

My eight-year-old came home from a meeting at the church, announcing that he had been elected by his group to keep the minutes.

After I had praised him, he said, "Aw, I'm not that good, Dad. I'm the only one that has a watch."

—ERNEST BLEVINS, *Kirkwood, Mo.*

The men always help with tasks at church suppers, such as handling the large pitchers of coffee.

A neighbor who stopped to see my cousin one evening asked Junior, "Where is your daddy?"

"Oh, daddy's over at the church pouring the drinks," was the reply.

—MRS. CHESTER BROOKS, *Williamsport, Pa.*

Have you a favorite church-related chuckle? Why not share it with other TOGETHER readers? If it's chosen for publication, you will receive \$5. Sorry; we are unable to return any contributions.—LDS.

Teens Together

"House to house visitation, my eye! You stay away from Gloria!"



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

Q *I'm the only boy in my gang who does not smoke. The others call me square. Must I smoke to keep my friends?—J.C.*

A Not if you have the right friends. Each month brings new evidence of the harm smoking does. You are smart. Your friends are foolish.

Q *I'm a girl of 16. I have an uncle who is 18. Last summer we did something awful. He expects me to keep on being bad. Should I try to straighten him out? Or just stop seeing him?—S.M.*

A Stop seeing him. Tell your mother what happened and ask her help. Don't risk repeating your mistake.

Q *I'm thinking of quitting school. I'm 16. The counselor says I have an average mind and should try harder. My trouble is reading. I read at 5th-grade level, but must do 11th-grade work. Can you help me?—J.Z.*

A Don't quit school. Ask your counselor if there is a teacher who has had training in remedial reading. If so, get her to help you. If you can't find a trained teacher, practice

on your own. Take an interesting magazine, like *TOGETHER*. Each evening read one article in it just as fast as you can. Have your mother quiz you afterward, to be sure you get the meaning. Keep this up for many months. You'll be surprised at the results.

Q *I'm a girl 13. I've had several crushes on people of my own sex. Am I abnormal?—K.F.*

A No. Many girls your age have similar crushes. Soon you'll transfer your interest to males.

Q *Two years ago my mother got a job outside our home. I'm the youngest child, and I'm 14. At first everything was okay. Then daddy started finding fault. He blames her work for everything that goes wrong. Isn't it right for mothers to work? How can I make my father hush?—J.C.*

A Ask your mother about getting your father to hush. If you try you'll probably make matters worse. I'm sure mothers of babies and small children should not get jobs and leave their little ones. Many do, but their babies pay a heavy price. When the children are older it is a different story. Many mothers of teenagers have jobs, with no harm to anyone. Suggest

to your parents that they consult a qualified marriage counselor.

Q *I'm 13, and no baby. Shouldn't I be able to use lipstick, mascara, and eyebrow pencil? Mother says no.—M.B.*

A You and your mother have different ideas of what's appropriate for a girl of 13. Most girls of your age are not allowed to use any make-up. Some can use only lipstick. I'd say your mother is right.

Q *I'm a girl of 14, planning a career. I'd like to be a social worker. However, my friends say that social workers are atheists. Is that true? How much training is needed?—L.D.*

A It is not true. Many social workers are Christians. Their profession is one of serving others. Schools of social work usually require two years of training beyond the A.B. degree. Better plan on six years, after high school.

Q *I'm a girl of 16. My older sister made a bad mistake and had to get married. My father is sure I'll repeat her mistake and will not let my boy friend come to the house. He won't let us go out together. What shall we do, elope? Why is my father so unreasonable?—D.F.*

A Your father loves you. He loved your older sister and was hurt by what happened. He is trying to protect you. Be patient. Your mother understands your situation and can help you. Don't elope. You couldn't marry without your parents' consent. If you try, you'll get into serious trouble.

Q *I went steady with a girl for two months. Then she dropped me, telling everybody I was a square. Now she says she is sorry and wants to go steady again. I don't want to. Do I have any obligation toward her?—L.L.*

A No more than you have toward any girl. The roughest part of going steady is breaking up. But once a break is made, obligations are ended.

Q *I'm 15 and go steady with a girl 14. I've never been in love before. I can't think of anything but her.*

I see her face in my dreams. My parents do not approve, because she is Catholic. They say that the next time I go steady I'll have to choose a Protestant girl. Will there be a next time? Will my love for my girl ever die? —A.W.

A Almost certainly your love will change. Think of your present feeling as a crush, rather than mature love. Your parents are right. It's best for Protestants to date Protestants, and Catholics to date Catholics.

Q *I'll graduate from high school this June. I want to go to college, and become a teacher of home arts. My counselor says I should become a research biologist. Is there a career for girls in that field? Do I have the right to make my own choice?—N.A.*

A All branches of science are expanding. There will be many careers for women in biological research. There'll also be careers in teaching. You're the one to make the choice. Listen to the counselor, but decide for yourself.

Q *I'm 13. I like several different boys. I can't seem to make myself be true to just one. Why am I so "goony"?—D.T.*

A You're normal, not "goony." Don't try to go steady for several years.

Q *We are two girls of 15, bored with life. We live in a small town, know everybody, see all the shows, and don't even enjoy football games. Do other kids in small towns feel this way?—G.T. & W.O.*

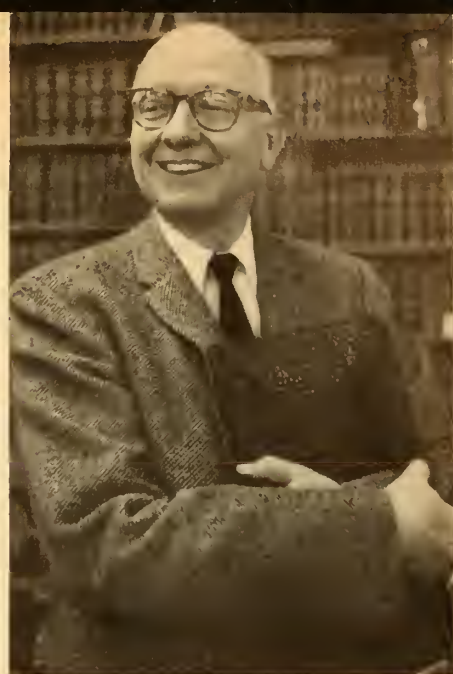
A Some do. Probably you're bored because you don't take part in things. Ask your minister about service projects you could do. Offer to take part in school affairs. You'll snap out of it.

Need guidance as you grow to maturity? Dr. Barbour will gladly provide it if you'll state your problem in a letter to him c/o TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11.



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



Why do Roman Catholics use holy water?

There are unquestioned abuses of such practices as sprinkling with water that has been blessed, or making the sign of the Cross. When any habit descends to the level of magic it ceases to be holy. But the

original purpose is to suggest that the Church has a supernatural relationship to God, and the blessing draws what is blessed into that relationship. By visible signs we can be drawn toward the invisible.

How do I 'harmonize' the Bible?

You don't, if you are wise.

The Bible student who seeks to make every fragment of the Scriptures agree in every detail with every other fragment must distort meanings. He must allegorize, making verses jump through hoops of his own devising. He must pull passages out of their setting.

John Wesley gave a young beginning preacher a rule for interpreting the sacred word:

"The literal sense of every text is to be taken, if it be not contrary to some other texts; but in that case the obscure text is to be interpreted by those which speak more plainly."

Can a Christian do an unchristian thing?

Yes—practically all Christians do. This is because the Christian, no matter how pure his motives and even his methods, acts in a less-than-Christian, if not positively unchristian, environment. He is continually making compromises, not because he wants to, but because he must. He cannot escape from his social situation, either by denying its existence (like some cloistered monks) or by refusing to accept his own measure of responsibility (like some absolutists among pacifists).

I have written "practically all Christians," and I probably should drop the "practically." There is occasionally the Christian who, in Paul Ramsey's phrase, "forgets his own claims and becomes, in some meas-

ure, a Christ to his neighbor." With Christlike generosity, he attributes infinite value to his neighbor's personality. So, he simply cannot take an unchristian attitude or do an unchristian thing.

Needless to add, such evidences of complete Christian love are lamentably rare. But perhaps we should, with Christian charity, use the term "less-than-Christian" instead of "unchristian." In the strictest sense, the gloomy statement is true: "There has been only one Christian, and He died on a cross."

Bishop T. Otto Nall, episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church, draws on his lengthy experience as editor, author, world traveler, and minister to answer questions about the church.

Light Unto My Path

JANUARY 1

But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life in his name.—John 20:31

ONE OF the vital problems we face is whether God has any real concern for an individual. Is God interested at all in the affairs which seem so very important to me? Is God available to the person whose heart is broken, or who has reached the depths of despair?

I believe that God is revealed in nature and individuals. Yet I can read a book like *The Evidence of God in an Expanding Universe* [Putnam, \$3.75], written by noted scientists who show the divine mind back of the universe, and still not be satisfied. Where do I, as an individual, find the power by which to live? Can my life be cleansed of its sins?

The Book of Numbers, chapter 7, relates the story of leaders of the various tribes who give Moses six covered wagons, each pulled by two oxen. These Moses distributed according to the service of the tribes in behalf of the tabernacle. And then comes that fascinating insight: *But to the sons of Kohath he gave none, because they were charged with the care of the holy things which had to be carried on the shoulder.* (Numbers 7:9.)

What is indicated here, no doubt, is that wagons are needed to carry heavy, everyday items of material things, but that the more important things—the intimately holy and sacred items of life—must be carried on men's shoulders, personally and individually.

It would appear that this was at least one purpose of Christ's coming to earth, for in Christ God takes upon his own shoulders the sins and heartaches and sufferings of every person. God can be found not only in the universe, in nature, and in history, but "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself" (2 Corinthians 5:19).

Paul was thinking not just of the masses of the world, but of individual entities, of persons, who, believing Jesus was the Son of God, would find that "in that faith you may have Life as His followers" (John 20:31, Phillips)—that one's sins could be cleansed.

Prayer: Our compassionate and kind heavenly father, through Jesus our



Robert A. Klein
Valley Stream, N.Y.



Lance Webb
Columbus, Ohio

Lord, take from us the heavy burden of sin that we carry on our shoulders, and help us to walk uprightly. Amen.

—ROBERT A. KLEIN

JANUARY 8

This, the first of his signs, Jesus did at Cana in Galilee, and manifested his glory; and his disciples believed in him.
—John 2:11

INSTEAD of turning water into wine, we are likely to turn the wine of our Gospel into water!" Thus Kierkegaard comments on our misunderstanding of the Gospel. Too often our Christianity has been a joy killer rather than a joy creator. We take the tremendous facts of our Lord's life and turn them into something dull and innocuous!

Interpret as we may this dramatic story, one thing is sure: Wherever Jesus was present he brought a new sparkle and meaning to life that was indeed like turning water into wine. For Jesus was always entering into people's humdrum and discouraged lives and "letting the glory shine." Whether it was the embarrassment of the host at a wedding, or the sorrow of Mary and Martha mourning the loss of their brother, or the fear of the disciples in a story, or his own suffering on Calvary, his faith in the heavenly father brought new life and hope in every situation. "For the joy that was set before him [Jesus] endured the cross, despising the shame." (Hebrews 12:2.)

Everything He did was a "sign" of the greater meaning and significance of life since he came. "And his disciples believed in him," not only because of his words, but because in

his life they saw the life they were meant to live.

Prayer: O Christ, forgive us that we have so often turned the wine of thy good news into water. Help us to see and accept commonest and most difficult experiences, thy life-giving presence that brings joy and hope forevermore. Amen.

—LANCE WEBB

JANUARY 15

For God sent the Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him.
—John 3:17

WHEN Edward L. Abbott was inaugurated as mayor of Santa Barbara, Calif., he immediately started the practice of opening each council session with a prayer.

Fundamentalists, conservatives, religious scientists, and all other ministers brought a variety of prayers and religious approaches to the leaders who guided the growth of our city.

The contribution, however, was not one-sided. Different ministers became better aware of our city's problems. Some stayed and heard issues debated. It helped them carry back to their congregations a fresher approach to ways the church can help build a stronger, more Christian community.

That is what is needed all across our land—around our world, in fact. For how can the good news of the Son actually be a usable good news unless it is brought into vital contact with our world—in a city council session, for example?

Your world and mine needs help.



O. Franklin Archer
Santa Barbara, Calif.



Arthur Buhl, Jr.
Billings, Mont.



John B. Dawson
Masterson, New Zealand

We have the right serum—a catalytic agent—in unlimited supply for this cancer-eaten world of violence, hatred, and greed. But the sick world is not helped if we of the Christian faith seek to condemn it. We must seek to save it. We must get the hypodermic into the patient's body—the seeds of love and hope into his mind. We must get our prayers and Christian concerns into city councils and world conferences.

The spirit and method of the Son of God is in us when, instead of condemning individuals and governments, we use all our Christian resources to put the way of the Christ into the ways of the world.

Prayer: O Thou who art the power of creation, give to us daily the power to bring the saving grace of Christ into our world where daily we touch it. In our Master's name we pray. Amen.

—O. FRANKLIN ARCHER

JANUARY 22

They said to the woman, "It is no longer because of your words that we believe, for we have heard for ourselves, and we know that this is indeed the Savior of the world."
—John 4:42

DAY-OLD coffee grounds make a poor cup of coffee, and a secondhand faith makes for bland living. Mature spiritual insight depends upon our own direct responses to and fresh relationships with eternal truth.

If we build our lives upon hearsay evidence, faith crumbles beneath time's jolting pressures. Life is too short to spend our days in surface

affairs while deep waters run beneath us.

Whereas character is developed through creative responses to experience, reputation is determined by society's opinion of a person's character. It was not until the Samaritans looked beyond the second-hand evidence of a woman's excitable words, beyond the hearsay reputation about the Galilean Teacher, that they discovered in truth what they heard by word of mouth; that this, too, was their Lord of life, their Messiah.

Jesus had a way of looking within the person to basic sources which formed character. Sometimes he talked with people whose reputations were questioned by some of his contemporaries. But this did not seem to bother him. He was not as interested in their reputation as he was in that which bore directly upon their relationship to the Father.

Secondhand living says, "Think, say, and do what others tell you." Firsthand living says, "Come, see, and hear for yourselves, and discover the joy of knowing truth which emerges from your own experiences." The only way to avoid spiritual bankruptcy is to invest in life with your efforts, talents, and interests, to live actively with an awareness of your full potential as a child of God, and to climb from yesterday's dull dungeon of despair to a light that beckons and a faith that fulfills.

Prayer: O Lord of life, give us new insights into the truth which was in Jesus Christ by helping us discover for ourselves the freshness of thy presence. Amen.

—ARTHUR BUHL, JR.

JANUARY 29

Truly, truly, I say to you, he who hears my word and believes him who sent me, has eternal life; he does not come into judgment, but has passed from death to life.—John 5:24

SERVING as a young rural minister many years ago, my life was spared because just in time I heard a sound—the sound of a rushing torrent.

I had visited at a farmhouse and stayed for supper. When I set out for home it was dark and raining heavily. With the confidence of a town-bred youth, I set my face in the direction where I believed the road lay.

Soon I came to a steep bank which I believed to be the verge of the road. As I prepared to jump down there was a lull in the wind. In that moment of respite I heard the noise of a mighty torrent before me. Thank God, for it saved my life.

In this life we walk amid many dangers to body and soul. There is a spirit in man which gives him boldness to walk confidently alone. But courage becomes tragic folly when we rely on our own knowledge and sense of direction.

Only a very loud voice speaking an unmistakable word can save us. That word came in Jesus and was heard most plainly at the cross. To hear him and to trust our lives to him alone ensures we shall travel safely to the end.

Prayer: God of grace, who hast spoken so surely in Jesus Christ, grant that no other voice may drown his word of life. Amen.

—JOHN B. DAWSON

Looks at New Books

AT THE Barnabas house, we worry about the mixed blessings of civilization—medical bills, taxes, the multitude of activities that make demands on our time and our energy. And behind these, always, is the shadow of the bomb.

What can we, as individual Christians, do to help man's stumbling quest for peace? What attitude should we Christians take toward "limited war" and international tensions? I haven't found the answers, but I've found a frame of reference for them in a book by a Yale Divinity School professor, **Roland H. Bainton**. In *Christian Attitudes Toward War and Peace* (Abingdon, \$4.75) he examines the stands taken from antiquity to the present by Christian saints, popes, ministers, emperors, and generals. His own opinion: "If the crusade and the just war are rejected as Christian positions, pacifism alone remains." It's pacifism in which Bainton believes.

Remember when you could reach for a travel book in the comfortable assurance that it'd be good "escape" reading? Don't try that with *The Nation on the Flying Trapeze* (McKay, \$4.50). But do read it.

Former *Atlanta Journal* editor **James Saxon Childers** traveled to India, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Korea, the Philippines, Iran, Lebanon, and Israel on assignment from the State Department. These are faraway, fascinating countries, and Childers' evocation of people and places is warm and vivid. But in these countries the U.S. is regarded in some ways as a protector, in others as a philanthropist—yet, as a nation, we are not liked.

Childers lectured at universities, talked with newspapermen, met with writers and government officials—and listened to what was said about the United States. His blunt, disturbing report adds up to one of the most important books of recent months.

I couldn't wait until I'd finished *Father's Day Comes Once a Year . . . and then it always rains* (Putnam, \$3.75) before carrying it around to a couple of cronies to let them share in a passage or two that were too funny to keep to myself.

This rib-rocking book on family life

was written by **Harold H. Martin**, father of four, and my personal nomination for Dad of the Year—any year. Martin has humor, tenderness, and a zany sense of the absurd. And, in passing, he manages to share some common-sense, tried-and-tested methods of handling the young, not to mention hilarious instances of how the young handle Papa.

Don't miss it!

An invitation to join a society for "the advancement of the foreign born" resulted in 10 years packed with adventure and intrigue for Los Angeles housewife and mother **Marion Miller**.

The society was a Communist-front organization, and when Mrs. Miller reported it to the FBI she was asked to remain in it as a loyal member and report back to Washington. Coded messages, midnight rendezvous, hair-raising escapes all became part of her life. But worse was the scorn neighbors heaped on her children because their mother was a "Communist." Now free to speak, and backed by commendations from President Eisenhower, Vice-President Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover, and many others, she tells her story in

I Was a Spy (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50). It's a chilling exposé of Communist infiltration told in intensely human terms.

There's been a spate of fascinating books on architects and architecture recently. One of the best is *The Master Builders* (Knopf, \$6.50). It's on the lives and works of the three men most responsible for the office buildings, apartment houses, homes, even factories in which we live and work today—France's Le Corbusier, German-born Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, America's Frank Lloyd Wright. The author is **Peter Blake**, himself both architect and editor.

Edgar Kaufman and **Ben Raeburn** let Wright speak for himself in *Frank Lloyd Wright: Writings and Buildings* (Meridian, \$1.95). This paperback gem contains their selections from Wright's prodigious writing plus more than 150 illustrations.

What do we Methodists believe—now, midway in the 20th century?

That was one of the things the Board of Social and Economic Relations of The Methodist Church (now part of



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Charles M. Schulz lets off more of his whimsical steam in *Go Fly a Kite, Charlie Brown* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$1.)

the church's Board of Christian Social Concerns) asked the faculty of Boston University School of Theology to find out in a study defined as The Methodist Church in Social Thought and Action. It's sometimes referred to as MESTA.

Methodism and Society in Theological Perspective (Abingdon, \$5), by **S. Paul Schilling**, is the first of four volumes to be published on the project, though it bears the designation Volume 3 in the Methodism and Society series.

In its first part, Dr. Schilling examines Methodist attitudes toward theology, traces the social implications of Wesley's theology, and reports how Methodists answered the questionnaire seeking to discover their attitudes and how they relate their beliefs to action. In a concluding section, he outlines a theology of society which expresses in action what Methodists profess.

It was an American Methodist layman, John R. Mott, who presided over the first world missionary conference. In that gathering in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1910, Protestant churches took the first step toward an organization which was to grow into the World Council of Churches.

Anglican Bishop **Stephen Neill** writes about Mott and others who have worked for Christian unity in *Brothers of the Faith* (Abingdon, \$4). While it's sometimes as confusing as the conferences about which it tells, the book is rewarding reading.

Sandol Stoddard Warburg lives in California in a house almost afloat on San Francisco Bay, and does her writing with the help of three lively boys and three cats. Ivan Chermayeff is a New York City designer. Together they have created a heart-stealing record of what goes on in a little boy's mind in *The Thinking Book* (Atlantic Monthly Press, \$3).

Mrs. Warburg's text is pure poetry, Chermayeff's drawings as bold and washed with sunshine as a summer day. Your small fry will love the book, and so will you.

The Old Testament, arranged and illustrated for children by **Marguerite de Angeli** (Doubleday, \$6.95), is a large book containing selections from the King James Version of the Bible. It'll be cherished in many homes where there are children, though the drawings are not to my taste.

Mrs. de Angeli has five children herself, all grown. When they were little and she was doing her drawing at home, she solved the problem of how to keep her watchful eye on her toddlers and still be able to work without curious little hands upsetting materials. She put herself and her drawing

Martha

Mixing bread she saw not flour
But sifted dust—white alkalis
To crust the hungry bones no hour
Of desert baking could disguise.

She saw not loaves beneath her palms
But mounded mummies, pale and still;
Not pans but coffins. . . . The world's alms
Have never been enough to fill

The world's starvation-bloated need. . . .
She set the loaves and watched the yeast
Magnify the powdered seed—
As love would amplify this feast;

And thought of loaves and fishes shared—
And leaven—and the faiths of men;
And thought of other deserts dared. . . .
And knew that she would bake again.

—EVELYN TOOLEY HUNT

board in the playpen and let her youngsters run free in the studio.

Maybe I'm prejudiced in favor of newsmen, having been one, but I think reporter **Gaynor Maddox** has concocted a book that will hold reader interest from the front flap of the jacket to the back. In *The Safe and Sure Way to Reduce* (Random House, \$3.95) he packs sound advice and enough variety in diets to satisfy almost anyone.

Did you ever see such reducing items as chocolate ice cream sundae, cherry pie, apple brown Betty, or strawberry shortcake? They're not all on the same menu, but they're part of meals that will help you lose weight without misplacing your sense of humor. Black coffee, grapefruit sections, and carrot sticks are there, too, of course, to keep things from getting out of hand.

Holiday feasts over, I'm going to follow Maddox's advice.

Obscenity and pornography are, unquestionably, degrading to the human

spirit, but two recent books reminded me that in trying to banish these evils we have to be careful not to end up letting a few control the reading of the many.

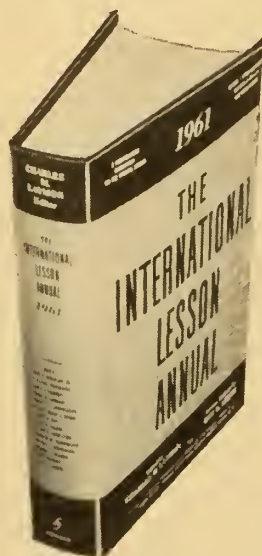
The more impressive volume is *The First Freedom*, edited by **Robert B. Downs** (American Library Assn., \$8.50). This anthology marshals convincing arguments against unenlightened censorship. It's designed for people engaged in library work or otherwise connected with books, but the thoughtful layman will benefit from it.

Robert W. Haney's *Comstockery in America* (Beacon Press, \$3.95) is written with an evangelistic zeal against censorship. Haney, a Unitarian clergyman, is concerned about two kinds of control over the reading habits of Americans—official censorship and control by pressure groups.

We don't have to look far to see how important censorship is in totalitarian societies. It's hard to relate our own well-meant desire to protect our young to dictatorial practices, but it is

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unavoidably true that censorship—well meant or otherwise—interferes with intellectual freedom.

Puerto Rico has been referred to as “America’s answer to Communism.” Once a museum piece of colonialism, this sun-washed Caribbean island has become, in some 20 years, a model of vigor and enterprise to which observers from new nations come for ideas—as readers of *TOGETHER*’s pictorial last March will recall.

Earl Parker Hanson traces its modern history, problems, and reforms in an easily read if not profound book, *Puerto Rico* (Knopf, \$4.50). An interesting sidelight from it—how the Roman Catholic bishops pressured Gov. Muñoz Marin on government policy, and for a foothold in the schools.

Slower in pace, but with more human interest, is *Worker in the Cane* (Yale University Press, \$5), the story of Don Taso, a Puertorriqueño sugar-cane worker, and his family and his village. Anthropology professor Sidney W. Mintz became a close friend of Don Taso in the several months he spent recording his life history.

For offbeat reading I’ve just done *The Cabuilla—California’s Master Tribe* by Harry C. James (Westernlore Press, \$7.50). It’s an easy-to-read account of the culture, history, and lore of some California Indians who, in dwindled number, still survive.

What sticks like a *bandillero* in my mind, however, is the flashback to what tourists never hear—the near-slavery state of Indians under coercion at the beautiful missions.

“He spoke highly,” says author James with reference to an observer of Indians at San Gabriel Mission, “of the gentleness, the intelligence, and the law abiding character of these Indians before they were destroyed by this process of character assassination—under the guise of conversion to the gentle precepts of Christ.”

To Southern Methodist University, another deep dip from my 10-gallon hat. Its press has brought out *And Horns on the Toads* (Southern Methodist University Press, \$4.50), another in its Texas Folklore series. I happen to relish earthy American folklore and this is a thick slice, with a strong dash of chili con carne flavor. Mody C. Boatright, Wilson M. Hudson, and Allen Maxwell were the chefs.

Have you wished you could’ve been there in the early days of the Christian church—to walk the streets of Jerusalem, to live the stories told in the Gospels? In *Letters From the Early Church* (Macmillan, \$3.50) Roger

Lloyd almost gave me the feeling I was.

Through the intimacy of imaginary letters (they’re actually small novels) one of the greatest periods of history unfolds as Lloyd writes of the first 30 years of the life of the Church.

Not long, but engrossing reading.

Any commuter—whether he rides 50 miles to work or 5 blocks—will surely meet himself or his neighbors in *Let the Crabgrass Grow* (Geis, \$3.95). And if he doesn’t raise a crop of titters, chuckles, and guffaws, he’s a sad and lonely wanderer in the sometimes sophisticated, sometimes simple, but always waggish and wacky world of H. Allen Smith.

Crab grass is neglected by Smith in favor of problems with the “Adam” bomb and the “tonic” bomb, his own private (if somewhat demented) system of weights and measures, his neighbor, Avery (an offbeat genius in the field of technological chaos), and his adventures while stalking wasps with a rifle. And who wouldn’t neglect crab grass when he could be having so much fun reaping the harvest of hilarity Smith has sown on every page of this pseudo “suburban almanac”?

A word of caution, though. Don’t attempt to read the entire book in one sitting. Savor it a few pages at a time, and it’ll tickle your risibilities for days.

It was 17 years before Kenneth Cooke could bring himself to write about the 50 days he spent bobbing helplessly on a small raft in the Atlantic, watching shipmates die from hunger, thirst, and exposure. Now he’s done it powerfully in *What Cares the Sea?* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.95). The story began during World War II when the British ship *Ludworth Hill* was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine.

Another wartime experience is vividly recreated in *Kriegie* (Nelson, \$3.95). Texan Kenneth Simmons tells about life in German prisoner-of-war camp Stalag Luft III during the last months of the war, and of the forced march prisoners made across Germany as the Russian Army swept west and the Allied Forces pressed east.

Both books are inspiring records of heroism, faith, and decency.

Although the late Charles Kettering’s parents once hoped their son would become a minister, they never said anything when young Chas tinkered with mechanical things or continually tried to find better ways of doing jobs around their Ohio farm. Today, best remembered as an outstanding industrial scientist, Boss Ket’s story is told by Sigmund A. Lavine in

Kettering, Master Inventor (Dodd, Mead, \$3). Long-remembered readers of **TOGETHER** will recall his advice in the December, 1958, issue [page 14] to *Keep On Asking Questions*.

Rear Admiral **Cary T. Grayson** was one of the few people to whom Woodrow Wilson could turn in his presidential loneliness. Friend and confidant as well as physician, he was almost always at Wilson's side from 1913, when he became personal physician to the president, until 1924 when Wilson died—heartbroken, but still gallant in courage.

From Dr. Grayson's papers comes **Woodrow Wilson: An Intimate Memoir** (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$3.50). It's a warm portrait of an often misunderstood man.

Bound in yellow silk-brocade that I'd like to have in a necktie is the most unusual book that has caressed my eyes in a long moon.

Did I say bound? No—the cover is loose and latched at the side with thongs held together by ivory pins. The book is **China and Her Great Men**, by Prof. **Wang Shao Chi** for the Chinese Association for the Advancement of Science of Taiwan (W. T. Teng, 229 W. 101st St., Apt. 3A, New York 25, \$5). It contains a liberally illustrated, easily read account of Chinese civilization and leaders—right down to the two Methodists known as President and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. "She," observed the author, "is one of the most well-known women leaders of the world."

Strange how we can pass a church day after day, perhaps have friends among its members, yet not know anything about its beliefs.

If you've been wondering about the Unitarian Church, you'll find a forthright and readable explanation of that modern, creedless belief in **Why I Am a Unitarian** (Nelson, \$2.95). Unitarian minister **Jack Mendelsohn** is the author.

This book is one of a "Why I Am" series being published by Nelson. Roy L. Smith was the author of **Why I Am a Methodist**, which appeared earlier. Other books in the series explain Lutheran, Presbyterian, Baptist, Disciples of Christ, Jewish, Mormon, Episcopal, Christian Scientist, and Catholic beliefs.

For 15 years, Berlin has been an outpost of freedom, a prime target of Russian maneuvering. And for many of those years, the man who has stood in the forefront of the city's battle has been its mayor, **Willy Brandt**.

A veteran journalist, Brandt now has collaborated with a fellow writer, **Leo Lania**, to pen his autobiography: **My**

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency



We Need to Be UNEASY

By **ROY L. SMITH**

A PRAYER we might well repeat every day goes like this:

Increase within us an uneasiness because there is so much difference between what we are and what we are capable of being.

Psychologists say few of us actually use more than 15 per cent of our mental powers. When in grave danger, we sometimes perform prodigious physical feats, displaying strength of body we seldom use. But in the life of the spirit we are woefully ineffective.

There is a profound need today for uncasiness—an uncasiness deriving from the fact that we are not as splendid as we are capable of being.

A nation, or an individual, that does something magnificent can be in grave danger because it is so easy to believe that we have arrived, that we have achieved, that we have reached the heights.

Paul, writing to one of his churches, once said he did not allow himself to think about his achievements, but continually goaded himself to strive. He never ceased to make demands on himself. If he

ever earned his own immortality, it was by that method.

Most of us are beset by a great uneasiness. We are anxious lest we may not achieve security; we grow tense when our small successes do not multiply.

What a tremendous growth we would have if we suddenly became uneasy because we were not as learned as we could be, because we were not as effective spiritually as we might be, because we were living in the depths when we were capable of living on the heights!

How few of us grow anxious when we discover that our prayers do not rise higher than our heads. What a small number of us grow uneasy when we discover that we are not able to overcome those inner weaknesses which rob us of our mastery over life. Thousands of us will subject ourselves to the strictest of disciplines in an effort to lose a few pounds of extra weight. But how many of us are uneasy because of the sin that so closely clings about us?

God grant us the proper uncasiness which each of us needs!



AN *Adventurous* EVENING

WHAT do you talk about? When you're with friends—and TV doesn't dominate the evening—is the conversation meaningless? If so, try what our group has found excitingly successful.

Every since two of us wives felt a need to be better informed, my husband and I have been meeting with three other couples each month to discuss a topic chosen at the previous meeting. This has been going on for two years and we feel these hours are among the most valuable of our lives.

As a starter, we agreed to meet and discuss Philip Wylie's *Tomorrow!* (Rhinehart, \$3.50) using as a theme, "Civil Defense." Each read the book; one person led the discussion—and the results so elated us that we made a list of topics to discuss in the future.

We refuse to be weighted down with red tape, rules, or business. Each couple takes a turn entertaining; the talk continues hours after dinner until finally someone asks, "What are we discussing next month?" Our topics have ranged all the way from "Family Relations" to "What Is Truth?" with way stops at "Segregation-Civil Rights," "Family Finances," "Death," and "The Dead Sea Scrolls."

Even if one couple is not enthusiastic about a topic, they participate fully, knowing that next month will bring something more to their liking.

Such was the case with "Military Conscription." I couldn't get inter-

ested—until I came across some of Tolstoy's writings. His theories fascinated me. Besides giving me a new outlook, my research rewarded me with a new author-friend.

On the night we chose "What Is Truth?" my husband said he could answer that by reading the dictionary definition. He was wrong; we spent an enjoyable evening, but still could not settle on a definition.

Normally each of us researches the topic, or every topic, but occasionally, when one member has access to special material, we let him carry the ball. When we discuss local or national elections, we divide up candidates' names. Then each of us writes to, or interviews, those he has been assigned.

One man used our group as an outlet for gripes about his working hours; he felt his firm was denying him time with his family. At his request we discussed "Use of Time." Another expressed concern over the caliber of students now entering colleges; our sessions let him relieve his tension by expressing his feelings.

All four couples are members of different Christian churches. At our first meeting we were mere acquaintances; in a short time we were a closely knit group, enjoying meaningful fellowship.

Our next meeting is just a few days away. What conclusion we will reach, I don't know. But of this I am sure, it will certainly be a truly adventurous evening.

—ROSEMARY LANCASTER

Road to Berlin (Doubleday, \$4.50).

If anyone has led a colorful life, Brandt has. A fugitive from the Hitler regime, he fled to Norway, took part in the underground there against the Nazis and Quislings, became a Norwegian citizen—and then returned to Germany, to dedicate his life to bringing Socialist democracy to his native land. His career has all the elements of a Hollywood movie, complete even to a first marriage that went on the rocks because of his underground activities.

However, the book is slow moving, weighted down with the intricacies of German politics and a writing style which is anything but lively. The verdict: Read it if you want a freedom fighter's view of postwar Berlin—but be prepared for a pace which will hardly leave you breathless.

Economic competition with Russia, public "images," inflation and what to do about it, and American social attitudes are probed by **John Kenneth Galbraith** in *The Liberal Hour* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50). Galbraith, also the author of *The Affluent Society* and other famed books, uses a serious, yet common-man approach to today's problems.

"Christianity is the collision between God and man, and the point of impact of this collision is the church in mission." While I ponder that somewhat confusing thought, I pass it on to you.

I ran across it in a stimulating paperback book from Friendship Press, which is the publishing imprint of the Commission on Missionary Education of the National Council of Churches. The title of the book is *Impact* (\$1.50). It's an exploration of the church's mission by **Robert A. Elfers**, **Mae Hurley Ashworth**, and **Bette Virginia Reed**, with big assists from a variety of authors and authorities they quote. Worth reading.

Guilt is easy to imply, innocence is next to impossible to prove.

Two recent books brought this to mind—*The Poisons in Your Food*, by **William Longgood** (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95), and *The Health Hucksters*, by **Ralph Lee Smith** (Crowell, \$3.95). Both books make serious charges, and if you read them I suggest you take their testimony with more than "a grain" of salt.

Newspaperman Longgood's book, according to the description on the jacket, is "a dramatic report on how some of the most powerful chemicals known to man have invaded your daily diet and what they may be doing to you." Reviewing it in *Science*, official journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Paul Darby, chairman of the Food Protection

Committee of the National Research Council, called it "an all-time high in bloodthirsty pen pushing."

The Health Hucksters is merchandised as "the shocking story of how food and drug advertising exploits your health." Smith worked at the National Better Business Bureau before becoming a free-lance writer, but I doubt that his book sets the record straight on everything from vitamin pills to so-called health foods, as it claims.

Both books should be read with reservations. Otherwise, you'd be finding yourself mistrusting every bite of food you ate—and every pill you took.

"Today the experience, knowledge, and responsibility of every thinking man is very much greater than that of most men of New Testament days. But what has changed and inspired those men, what gave them daring, hope, patience, and self-giving love is quite timeless. There is no real reason to suppose that we cannot tap the resources of God just as effectively as they did—no real reason except our modern insulations!"

So says J. B. Phillips in *God Our Contemporary* (Macmillan, \$2.50 cloth, \$1.25 paperback). It's a challenging discussion by an uncompromising Christian who reminds us that the heart of all real religions is an affirmation that human life on this planet is only part of something very much greater.

The dictionary defines a fanatic as "excessively enthusiastic." This would be understating some of the characters protruding from Arnold Whitridge's book *No Compromise!* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4).

The story of the fanatics who paved the way to the Civil War, it shows us the handful of men, North and South, who fostered hatred, magnified everything that might lead to misunderstanding, blocked every effort at compromise, and finally drove a reluctant people into a war they didn't want to fight.

These were not evil men; their sincerity as well as their ability was generally recognized. But they were nonetheless directly responsible for the breakdown of the democratic machinery by means of which the war might have been avoided. You may be struck by their spiritual kinship with similar troublemakers today. Fanatics are not mere historical curiosities; we have them with us always.

A lady we know who has a wide-ranging mind gave an unusual devotion at WSCS recently. She told Mrs. Barnabas it was based on meditations she'd found in *Quiet Strength from World Religions* (Harper, \$3.75).

This rare little book was compiled by Methodist minister Quinter M. Lyon,

who's convinced that sharing the spiritual background of other traditions will illuminate and strengthen our own faith.

Dr. Lyon, after a long career as a teacher and pastor, is serving now with the U.S. Information Agency in Panama.

A friend just back from New Orleans told me she was amazed at the new buildings and new industry she saw there. Her remark came prominently to mind when I picked up *The South Builds* (University of North Carolina Press, \$12.50).

By Edward and Elizabeth Waugh, this is a stimulating pictorial report on business, institutional, and home architecture throughout the South. Of particular interest were buildings that Frank Lloyd Wright designed for Methodist-related Florida Southern College at Lakeland.

Today's world problems are, in a large part, a result of nationalistic sentiments and a lack of real human solidarity between peoples across national boundaries, believes the distinguished Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal.

He discusses the impact of national economic planning in the U.S. and Western nations on international relations in *Beyond the Welfare State* (Yale University Press, \$4.50).

If there's truth in the wry comment of our "first manuscript reader" that Methodists are "America's most writingest folks," then Barnabas should make note of *Techniques of Christian Writing* (Judson, \$5). It's a collection of articles by editors and authors compiled and edited by Benjamin P. Browne.

Certainly, it's not a book for the general reader. But I can recommend it to anyone who has a yen for the pen, whether his writing be for Christian journals or English composition classes.

So allied are the principles governing the arts that it's not uncommon for a successful artist to give a competent performance in a branch other than his own. Russian painter Marc Chagall did so in 1922 when he wrote his autobiography. It was translated from the original Russian into French, and now Elisabeth Abbott has translated *marc chagall my life* (Orion Press, \$6) from French to English.

Written when the artist was 35, it presents a lively picture of village life in Russia at the turn of the century as well as a sensitive view of Chagall's early life in his native land and then in Paris immediately preceding World War I.

—BARNABAS

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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
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AT times I do not seem to be able to appreciate some of the books recommended very highly by good critics. I once saw a movie which, to me, seemed destined for certain failure. Then a first-rate critic wrote it up very favorably because he saw things in it which I did not. I wondered if my faculties were growing weak.

This same fear troubles me this month as I speak of two books which have had very good notices and which do not seem to me to deserve them.

THE LEOPARD, by Giuseppe D. di Lampedusa (*Pantheon*, \$4.50).

This novel of the Garibaldi revolution in Italy comes out after the death of its author, who spent years writing it. Most critics who have commented on it classify it as a classic, one of the great books of our generation.

Well, I have to confess it did not ring much of a bell in my mind. It is well written, and I suppose it deals with something historically important, but any greatness it has escapes me. There is a solid sense of good workmanship, and some of its characters resemble people I have met. The underlying theme, too, is sound—that to be part of an old order which is breaking up is a very sad and frustrating experience. In those circumstances, it is impossible to see the new order as anything but opportunist and destructive. It is probably true that every great upheaval destroys a vast amount of admirable achievements. That far, at least, it is a good book.

THE VIEW FROM THE FORTIETH FLOOR, by Theodore H. White (*Sloane*, \$4.95).

If you want to learn about the magazine business and why circulation in itself is not enough, this is for you. The whole story concerns the demise of a popular magazine because the increase in its advertising did not keep pace with the increase in circulation.

Aside from technical information, however, the novel leaves a great deal to be desired. I never felt that the hero was quite human; some of his

long speeches sound much more like classroom philosophy than the sentiments of a working magazine editor. Sometimes these views are very noble, and most of them go beneath the surface of appearance. It just seemed to me that they were delivered in the wrong place by the wrong man.

Still, if you want to get on the inside of publishing and see some of the problems involved, this will be an enjoyable book. Now and then it marks time, but for the most part it moves along with a good sense of direction and pace. Mr. White seems to know what he is talking about, and the flaws which bothered me may not be so important to you. The editor of *Harper's Magazine* thought it was quite a book, and you had better take his word for it rather than mine.

THE DAY CHRIST WAS BORN, by Jim Bishop (*Harper*, \$3.50).

If a fellow gets a good idea, there is no sense in letting it end with just one use. Some of you, I am sure, have read Bishop's *The Day Christ Died*. Through imagination and research, he shows what was happening on that day and tries to reconstruct the scenes and the events. Now he tries the same thing with the birthday of Jesus.

Parts of this book help explain the customs surrounding the birth of Jewish babies. Some things which seemed obscure now will be clear. I was troubled mostly by theological statements which obviously are Roman Catholic. I simply cannot adjust myself to calling Mary "the Mother of God," nor can I take any delight in talk about God having himself born anew. The incarnation for me is best expressed by Paul's great affirmation that God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself. I particularly object when Bishop talks about God being taught about God.

There is still a good deal of value in this book, however, no matter what your theology. If you overlook these matters and center attention on the light the book throws upon the life of that day, it will make Christmas more meaningful.

Using a souvenir gavel he got in Alaska, retired Wisconsin Area Bishop H. Clifford Northcott calls to order a General Conference session. The bishop uses his hobby (the collection now tops 150) to spark interest in mission fields he's visited.



Hobby Alley

The Bishop's

Gavels

By GENEVIEVE FINNIGAN

"ATTENTION, PLEASE!" The bishop clacked his desk with a peculiar little mallet, and delegates settled back in their seats. As presiding officer of the conference, he wielded the symbol of his status—a gavel.

The bishop rapping for order was H. Clifford Northcott, then spiritual leader of more than 123,000 Methodists in the Wisconsin Area. The strange-looking mallet was one of his collection of more than 150 gavels, gathered from far corners of the earth. Made from a whale's tooth, it was a souvenir from Alaska Methodist College, now a university [see *Methodism's Newest: Alaska Methodist University at Anchorage*, September, 1960, page 2].

Bishop Northcott, who retired last year after more than 45 years of

Methodist ministry, toured overseas-mission areas three times during his 12 years in the episcopacy. Each time, he returned home with new and unusual gavels for his collection—from Asia, South America, and Africa. But they didn't gather dust on the bishop's recreation-room wall; he used them at speaking and presiding engagements to whet interest in the lands from which they came and to hammer home the importance of missionary programs. Others, fashioned of materials from Methodist sites here in the U.S. and in England, helped him bring Methodist history alive for many audiences.

Bishop Northcott's interest in gavels, however, reaches back to his early college years. As a debater, he became interested in the hammer-like

object which, over the centuries, has come to represent far more than physical force. In the hands of the right man, one stroke of a gavel can wield more power over a deliberative or legislative assembly than a regiment of soldiers. It symbolizes man's ability to govern himself, to make and abide by his own laws.

The bishop's collection began innocently after he first served an organization as presiding officer. Through the years, as he thumped for order at debates, service-club meetings, banquets, and church conferences, the collection grew like Topsy. Now he has specimens galore—ranging in size from one just 1½ inches high to a balsa whopper that measures 2 feet 6 inches from stem to stern!

In his collection are many gavels

carved from the familiar woods of Wisconsin's oak, pine, and sumac. Others have been hewn from the distinctive ebony and rich mahogany of Africa, the rosewood of India's Mysore jungle, the colorful guayacan of South America. One is made of California redwood; another of driftwood, its beautiful patina a result of the polishing action of water and sand. Still others have unusual shapes: cross, bell tower, church steeple, figures of animals, an African hut with a thatched roof.

Many of the gavels are rich in Methodist traditions. One Bishop Northcott prizes was made from a piece of a wooden seat in the Foundery, John Wesley's first London chapel. He was given the treasured relic when he visited City Road Chapel, the present Wesley chapel in London. Another gavel with a Methodist association is made from a tree which stood at the site of the dam forming Lake Junaluska, at the Methodist center in North Carolina's Great Smoky Mountains. Especially treasured is a gavel from the Holy Land, a skillful blend of oak, balsam, and olivewood.

A message of hope is inherent in

the gavel fashioned from the roots of a vine, the only living thing found in the debris of Berlin's oldest church which was destroyed during World War II. A gavel which stirs one's moral consciousness came from Hiroshima. The Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, pastor of the Hiroshima Methodist Church, is a personal friend of Bishop Northcott. He salvaged a piece of wood from the ruins of the Hiroshima Girls' High School and College for Women, devastated by the first atomic bomb, and fashioned it into a gavel, carving a picture of the school on one side and his friend's initials, H.C.N., on the other.

Another gavel from the other side of the world was made at the leper colony at Teles, Mozambique, Africa. During the bishop's visit there, he and his wife planted trees on the site to help inspire residents to take pride in their surroundings.

Each year, lepers paint a biblical scene on the outside of their white-washed huts [see *Portrait of an African Artist*, May, 1959, page 2]. A visiting dignitary presents an award for the best scene. Bishop Northcott had that pleasure when he visited Teles.

Meaningful bits of Americana are to be found in others of the bishop's gavels. Some are constructed of wood taken from Civil War prisons—Libby, in Richmond, Va., and Andersonville, in Georgia; another is of wood from John Brown's hanging tree. And there's one that called pupils to class (the teacher used it instead of a bell) in the first schoolroom in Baraboo, Wis.

The bishop neatly side-stepped an unintended political booby trap when he accepted a gavel made for him at the mission station in Mrewa, Southern Rhodesia. The gavel's head was carved like an elephant. The bishop said, jokingly, "If I take this back to America, they'll think I'm advertising the Republican party." When he described the Democrats' symbol, a native carved a donkey gavel. "Now," he chuckled, "I'll keep all my friends in both parties."

Bishop Northcott's favorite gavel is the one he received when he first presided over the East Wisconsin Annual Conference 12 years ago. The latest addition to his collection came from Ernest Sells, a missionary in Southern Rhodesia. On it is carved a Zimbabwe bird. Similar carvings

A thumping gavel collection lines one of the Northcotts' den walls. Weapons on the left are another hobby interest.



have been found on the posts of ancient ruins unearthed in Zimbabwe, in east Southern Rhodesia.

All but two items in the bishop's collection have been gifts. He purchased one of redwood in California and a souvenir model at Andrew Jackson's home. Only one, from Jerusalem, was given by someone in the bishop's family. That one was brought from the Holy Land by his father-in-law, the late J. H. Engle, who was there attending a World Sunday School Convention.

Bishop Northcott has never given a one-man gavel exhibition. In 1951, however, he took many he'd acquired on his first African-mission visit to the Methodist Board of Missions meeting at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., exhibited them, and attracted new attention to missions.

Usually the bishop carried a few gavels on church visits, using them as leadins to discussions of mission work. Once, when he and his wife were driving through Wisconsin, they saw children entering a little country church at North Clayton. The Northcotts stopped and found a vacation church school in session. It wasn't long before Mrs. Northcott was dispatched to the car for "a handful of gavels"—and the wide-eyed children were hearing an unexpected missionary lesson taught by no less a personage than their bishop.

One gavel Bishop Northcott especially likes to demonstrate has a handle made of flexible couplings. "The flexible coupling was devised so there would be some 'give' under tension," he says. "A thing can't be too rigid, you know, or it will shake to pieces. Many a church situation is too rigid. We have need for the benefits of a flexible coupling."

At one time the bishop was elected head of the Methodist Commission on Deaconess Work. At the organization's next business session, he was given a special commemorative gavel—made solely of powder puffs and ribbons.

Through all his years in the ministry, the 70-year-old bishop has participated in activities outside clerical routine. But since retirement, he's had more time for such interests as Delta Sigma Rho, the national honorary debate society of which he's long been a member. In fact, if you were to drop by his house this evening you might find him leafing through the society's official publication. Its name? Why, *Gavel*, of course.

Name Your Hobby

We'd enjoy hearing from you readers who'd like to compare notes with other hobbyists. To be listed, just send your name, address, and primary hobby interest to Hobby Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Please allow about three months for publication.—EDS.

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Together with the SMALL FRY

I'll Do It Tomorrow

By GINA BELL-ZANO

ZERO THE ZEBRA was an interesting looking animal. The black stripes on his cream-colored coat made him look very different from the other animals who had only one color to wear.

Zero was pleasant; Zero was gentle, but Zero was also lazy—very lazy. He always found excuses for not doing things which any good, helpful zebra should do. His mother was getting tired of his excuses; his friends were getting tired of his excuses; everyone was getting tired of his excuses except Zero. He was tired—just plain tired.



One bright, shining day his mother said, "Zero, will you gather some bananas? I want to make a banana pudding, and they will be just ripe enough now."

"I'm tired," said Zero. "I'll do it tomorrow."

But, when the next day came, it was a very rainy one. Mrs. Zebra said, "Zero, what about those bananas?"

"It's raining," said Zero. "I'll do it tomorrow."

Early the next morning when Mrs. Zebra went to call Zero, there he was, still in bed, fast asleep. So Mrs. Zebra herself went out to get the bananas. And there they were, all soggy and squishy and spoiled from the heavy rain. Mrs. Zebra felt cross. "Those bananas aren't good for anything," she told herself. Then she started for home.

Suddenly she stumbled over a fallen branch in the path. She twisted one of her ankles and had to hop home using only three legs. By the time she got there, her ankle was badly swollen so she lay down to rest it.

"Zero," she called, "I've hurt my ankle. Will you fix an ice bag to take down the swelling?"

"I'm sleeping," said Zero. "I'll fix it tomorrow."

Mrs. Zebra was very cross by now. She lay there thinking things over, and the more she thought, the more cross she became. Around noon, her ankle felt much better. She turned it this way and that—the pain was all gone. Then Zero came into the living room. He was stretching and yawning.

"I was all tired out," he said. "Now I'm hungry, Mother. When do we eat?"

Mrs. Zebra turned her head away and smiled. Then she said, "I'm resting, dear Zero. I'll fix lunch tomorrow."

Zero looked at her in surprise. "But

I'm hungry now," he said. "I'll go have lunch with Lonnie Leopard."

His mother didn't say a word. She just nodded and smiled.

Lonnie Leopard was polishing his spots under a coconut palm. "Hi," said Zero. "I've come to have lunch with you. Won't that be fun?"

Lonnie thought of all the times he had wanted Zero to do things. He thought of all the excuses Zero had made for not doing them. Then he smiled and said, "I'm too busy, Zero. Come back tomorrow."

Zero looked at him in surprise. "But I'm hungry today," he said. "I guess my really true friend, Leo Lion, will be glad to give me lunch."

Lonnie just smiled and went on polishing his spots.

By the time Zero got to Leo's den, he was hungrier than he had ever been. Leo was busy brushing his mane. It stood out around his head like a fur hood.

"Hi, Leo," said Zero. "Know what? I've come to have lunch with you. Won't that be fun?"

Leo thought of all the times he had wanted Zero to do things. He thought of all the excuses Zero had made for not doing them. Then he smiled and said, "I'm too tired, Zero. Come back tomorrow."

Zero looked at him in surprise. He couldn't understand what was wrong with everybody. Then he shook his head and trotted toward home.

Mrs. Zebra was still lying down. "Did you have a good lunch, Zero?" she asked.

"No, Mother," said Zero. "Everybody gave me excuses, but no food. I became very tired of excuses."

"Sooner or later everyone does," said Mrs. Zebra. "Zero, would you mind getting my knitting bag? I left it outside yesterday."

A PRAYER for the NEW YEAR

In this new year, dear

Lord, I pray

*That you might help me
every day*

*To do the things I know
I should.*

*Most of the time I'm
pretty good,*

*And yet a little part of
me*

*Is sometimes bad as it
can be!*

*Please help me, Father,
in all ways*

*To fill this year with
happy days.*

—RUTH ADAMS MURRAY

We Put Away Christmas

We put away Christmas and dusted the places
That had held our cards and the Santa Claus faces;

We took down the tree and then vacuumed the floor,
And quickly removed the wreath from our door;

We packed up the trimmings and boxed every light
And put Christmas away—out of mind, out of sight;

But I held out two things to be used through the year—
A warm glow of love and some bright Christmas cheer.

—GINA BELL-ZANO

"I'm tired—" began Zero, but then he stopped suddenly. "Of course, I'll get it," said Zero. "Right now, not tomorrow."

He trotted quickly outside and came back with the knitting bag. His mother smiled.

"Now, would you please look for the book I was reading yesterday? I think I left it in the kitchen."

"I'll be glad to," said Zero. "Right now, not tomorrow."

He trotted into the kitchen. There on the table was a neatly spread lunch. He hurried back to the living room. His mother was standing up. She was still smiling. "My ankle is fine," she said. "It was just that you needed to be taught a lesson."

Zero thought of his friends, Lonnie and Leo. Then he began to smile, too. "Everybody decided to teach me a lesson at the same time," he said. "I guess I really needed one, at that."

He went back to the kitchen to eat his lunch. And somehow, even though he had eaten hay and coconut milk many times before, it was the best lunch he had ever had in his life!



Methodist women in Olympia, Wash., have mastered the art of . . .

FEEDING HUNGRY MEN

Any good cook knows tasting is almost as important as eating. These ladies are sampling ham baked in one of four electric roasters.



THE LARGEST social hall in Olympia, Wash., is at the First Methodist Church. But that's only one reason why such groups as the United Churchmen from all over Thurston County like to meet—and especially eat—there. The real attraction is the delicious meals served by women of the church's 13 WSCS circles.

Typical of the menus is the \$1.25 dinner the Elisabeth Circle served to the churchmen—baked ham, browned potatoes, string beans, gelatin salad, hot rolls, and homemade angel-food cake with orange-coconut cream topping. Sounds like an incredible bargain, but the women made a modest profit for their circle budget—and they did it without strain or fatigue.

In fact, it isn't unusual for an early-comer in the social hall to find the cooks for that night's dinner sitting companionably around the kitchen tables, chatting and drinking coffee. To a tense men's club chairman, this can be quite a shock—until he learns that the meat is baking, the potatoes roasting, the vegetables cooking, the salad in the refrigerator ready to serve. At the same time, in the adjacent social hall, a relaxed crew of women will be setting tables or making coffee in a nook which faces directly into the social hall. No last-minute fluster in this operation!

Planning, the women will tell you, is their secret. Eight years ago, two years before the congregation moved into a new church building, they began

Home equipment won't do when you are boiling potatoes for over 100 hungry men. Each of these hotel-sized pots holds food for 25.



Dishing up is done assembly-line style, each woman adding one item to the plate.

surveying future needs, visiting other church kitchens, getting acquainted with restaurant-supply equipment—even gravely measuring three women across their widest area as they stood side by side in an imaginary dishwashing area.

When the congregation moved, there was no money for kitchen equipment. But the women had a master plan—including a carefully worked out traffic pattern. They've since earned and added, piece by piece, restaurant-type equipment. Now complete, the kitchen is rarely rivaled for providing such pleasant, efficient service.

Tables, all the same height, have wooden chopping-block tops that aren't fazed by hot pans, meat cleavers, spilled food, or even the occasional youngster

who decides to try out the WSCS hammer on them.

All utensils are put away on open, washable racks. Closed cupboards, so desirable at home, are likely in a church to be used for concealing broken vases, frayed angel costumes, and Christmas-tree decorations.

The responsibility for menus and buying (in large quantities wherever possible, for economy) is shared by a group of older ladies who have served and survived hundreds of dinners, and whose advice has helped many a green circle chairwoman on her first dinner assignment.

Another help is a breezy mimeographed booklet, apron-pocket size, that tells where to find things, how to work the dishwasher, even what to do with

Announcing:

A New Feature for Together!

IN February and subsequent issues, watch for *Feeding Fifty*. This new regular feature will share recipes (including some with foreign or regional flavors), menus, original ways of carrying out themes, even innovations in kitchen or dining-room planning which have helped make Methodist-group meals especially memorable. If your church has experiences to share, or if you'd like to try out ideas other Methodists have used successfully, write to:

Feeding Fifty
Together Magazine
740 N. Rush St.,
Chicago 11, Ill.

We must enforce the rule the Kitchen Committee makes

"NO ONE BORROWS, NO ONE TAKES."

No dish may go 'out' - no pan may go 'home' -

No coffee maker has any leave to roam

*Nobody'd mistake it
for Shakespeare's
work, but this poetic
plea packs more
persuasive power
than prose.*

*We're sorry rules are rough when you read 'em -
But it's the only way to have things here when we need 'em!*



More coffee? Yes indeed! No need to ask whether this gentleman enjoyed his dinner. His wide-open smile is the best payment a hostess could want.

Wheels are a key to Olympian service. Serving carts carry full plates to the tables, later take dirty dishes back to the kitchen.



the trash. Maybe you remember reading about this booklet in *How to Feed Hungry Methodists . . . in a Hurry* (February, 1958, page 26). Since that story appeared, circle member Mrs. Daniel Bigelow has answered nearly a hundred letters from church women in all parts of the country who wanted a copy of it.

Women in Olympia are just as fascinated. In fact, the Rev. Walter A. MacArthur, First Church's pastor, says that one of the food program's important contributions is drawing large numbers of young women more actively into church activities. He gives special credit to the congenial spirit among the women, and to the fact that they're always glad to have another willing worker. For one thing's certain: offering such exceptional food and service, these Olympia ladies will keep busy!

The men's meal served, the cooks settle down to enjoy their own dinner. Another shift of women later will clean up the dishes.



Now that their job's done, the cooks can be pardoned for feminine curiosity about social hall goings on.





of the world parish

REPORT METHODISTS MOVING FORWARD IN CUBA

The Methodist Church is moving forward in virtually all fields in Cuba, with schools operating, churches holding services, and the year-old "forward movement" in evangelism continuing.

This was revealed recently in a report on Methodism in Cuba by Miss Marian Derby and Dr. James E. Ellis, secretaries for Latin American countries of the Methodist Board of Missions.

School enrollments are still large, they reported, though down slightly from the previous year. The Cuba Annual Conference is continuing its *Year of the Laity* emphasis and its program of recruiting 50 "C-2s"—young persons who will give two years of lay church service at subsistence pay.

During the *Year of the Laity*, not long underway, Cuban Methodists are attempting to recruit 50 new local (lay) preachers, 500 laymen who will try to win five persons each to church membership, and 500 others whose goal will be to take 10 children to church school regularly.

So far as is known, no Methodist property has been taken over by the Cuban government in the recent edicts seizing American-owned properties, Miss Derby and Dr. Ellis reported.

"It is essential that United States Methodists do everything possible to maintain fellowship with the Methodists of Cuba," they summarized. "The Board of Missions has great confidence in the ability and commitment of Cuba's Methodist leaders and earnestly

urges continued support for them through prayer and gifts.

"Financial support is especially needed now for the maintenance of Cuban pastors, for the training of Cuban leaders, and for the general ongoing program of Methodist work. Under no conditions should American Methodists allow themselves to lose confidence in the cause of Christ in Cuba or to discontinue their spiritual and financial support of our church there at a time when it can mean perhaps more than ever before."

Miss Derby and Dr. Ellis said that any decision of missionaries to leave Cuba should be made individually after studying the situation with Cuban co-workers, but that they are free to leave at any time that seems wise both for themselves personally and for the work of the church.

Case, Kresge Receive Annual St. George's Awards

The second annual St. George's Award Banquet, honoring a Methodist minister and a layman for distinguished service to The Methodist Church, was held in Philadelphia on November 22.

Honored were Dr. Harold C. Case, a minister, president of Boston University, and Stanley S. Kresge, president of the Kresge Foundation, Detroit, Mich.

The award was inaugurated last year by the trustees of Old St. George's

Church, considered U.S. Methodism's oldest church in continuous service, and its pastor, Dr. Frederick E. Maser.

Dr. Case, an expert on African affairs, was the main speaker. He visited Africa from December, 1959, to February, 1960, for consultation with academic and civic leaders. He since has spoken out strongly in favor of providing educational opportunities for Africans in American institutions of higher learning.

Kresge, a member of Metropolitan Church in Detroit, is vice-president of the board of the S. S. Kresge Co. and a trustee of Albion College and the Detroit Rotary Foundation.

Former recipients of the award include Bishop Fred P. Corson, Attorney Charles Parlin, George Rusk, and James T. Buckley.



Dr. Case



Dr. Kresge

Order Review of Bible Reading Test Case

A test case before the U.S. Supreme Court, challenging a Pennsylvania law requiring public-school teachers to read 10 verses of the Bible each morning to their students, has been sent back to the lower court for review.

The case is the forerunner of several involving the controversial issue of religion in public schools expected to reach the high court this term or next. Some challenge all religious observances in schools, including Christmas and Easter pageants.

Bible reading in the public schools was brought to the court's attention by a Unitarian couple of Roslyn, Pa., appealing a federal court ruling in September, 1959, which upheld the practice. The plaintiffs, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lewis Schempp, parents of four children, said the law providing for daily Bible reading in school from the King James Version violates their religious rights. They said some portions of the Bible conflict with their religious beliefs.

Strong support for daily Bible reading in public schools and also for recitation of the Lord's Prayer came last April from the National Association of Evangelicals at its meeting in Chicago.

Speaking for its 10 million members in 35 Protestant denominations, the association declared that belief in the separation of Church and State does not



This bus serves the Fred P. Corson School in Puerto Rico, named in honor of Bishop Corson of Philadelphia, Pa. The bishop recently was cited for his services as president of the General Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

imply an espousal of secularism and practical atheism through exclusion of all references to God and his laws in public schools.

The nation's educators and religious leaders have had varying reactions to situations involving such issues as teaching the Ten Commandments, reciting nondenominational prayers, and giving courses in moral and spiritual values in public schools.

Also of current interest is a discussion concerning the possibility of a common Bible that one day may be proposed for use in the public schools.

A team of Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish scholars already has begun work on a common translation of the Bible which might end disputes over Bible reading in public schools and fill a need in interfaith discussions and studies.

The series will be published in 30 paperbacks by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

Missionaries Return and Schools Open in Congo

More than half of the 110 Methodist missionaries evacuated from the Congo in July have returned to their posts, including almost all the men and many of the single women.

According to the Methodist Board of Missions, all Methodist stations are being served again by missionaries on either a full-time or visitation basis, and schools have been reopened, some with record enrollments.

In his latest report from Elisabethville, Bishop Newell S. Booth said 56 Methodist missionaries are at work again in the Congo, including 16 men in the Central Congo Conference (principally Kasai province) and 40 men and women in the Southern Congo Conference (Katanga).

Wives and children still have not been permitted to join their husbands and fathers in the interior. But in the Southern Congo, missionaries are at work at all the stations. Missionaries of the Woman's Division of Christian Service are back in Elisabethville and Mulungvishi.

Bishop Booth said 13 new missionaries are at language schools just outside the Congo, learning Swahili preparatory to entering the country as soon as they can. Other new missionaries are studying in Europe prior to leaving for the Congo, and 20 of the evacuated missionaries still are working or studying in Southern Rhodesia.

\$100,000 to Scarritt by Will

More than \$100,000 in cash, government bonds, and real estate has been left to Scarritt College in the will of the late Lucy Hyda Heard of Winston-Salem, N.C., who died last June.

Dr. D. D. Holt, president of the college, said Scarritt will receive 60 per

cent of the residue of the estate. Twenty per cent goes to the Biblical Seminary of New York City and the other 20 per cent to Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky.

Miss Heard, 74, was a Methodist deaconess in West Virginia until 23 years ago, when she became the companion of a wealthy Winston-Salem woman.

Japan Honors Missionary

Miss Mildred Ann Paine, a Methodist missionary to Japan, has received her second national award from the Japanese government in less than 12 months.

During ceremonies marking the 30th anniversary of Ai Kei Gakuen, a Christian social center in Tokyo, she was awarded the Fourth Class of the Imperial Order of the Sacred Treasure by the Japanese Ministry of Health and Welfare.

Integration, Not Elimination

Integration but not elimination of the all-Negro Central Jurisdiction of The Methodist Church is foreseen by Dr. Clarence T. R. Nelson, superintendent of the Jurisdiction's Columbus (Ohio) District.

Speaking at the Howard University school of religion in Washington, D.C., Dr. Nelson called attention to a study being made by the North Central Jurisdiction's West Wisconsin Conference to explore the possibility of transferring into the Central Jurisdiction.

He said there are a growing number of Methodists, both white and Negro, who are coming to realize that integration is a two-way street.

Judicial Council Upholds Resolution on 'Sit-Ins'

The constitutionality of the adoption by the 1960 General Conference of The Methodist Church of a resolution commending the "dignified and nonviolent" manner of sit-in demonstrators in the South has been upheld by the denomination's Judicial Council.

Meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, the nine-member council unanimously ruled that adoption of the resolution by the General Conference last spring



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INDEX

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was not in violation of the church's constitution since it was not a legislative act but "an expression of an opinion" of the General Conference.

The resolution was submitted in the report of the conference's Committee on State of the Church, in a section dealing with human rights. Some members of the conference felt its adoption violated both the church Constitution and the *Discipline*.

These members contended that the conference action violated the church's Constitution (Par. 9, 1960 *Discipline*) which declares that a General Conference cannot "revoke, alter, or change" the denomination's Articles of Religion or establish any new standards or rules of doctrine contrary to existing and established standards of doctrine.

They also argued the action violated Par. 87 of the 1960 *Discipline* which states: "It is the duty of all Christians, and especially of all Christian ministers, to observe and obey the laws and commands of the governing or supreme authority of the country of which they are citizens or subjects or in which they reside, and to use all laudable means to encourage and enjoin obedience to the powers that be."

The Judicial Council ruled that the act of adopting the resolution did not violate the church Constitution since it did not "revoke, alter, or change" the Articles of Religion or establish any new standards or rules of doctrine. It further held that Paragraph 87 was not a part of the Constitution.

In other decisions, the Council:

✓ Declined to take jurisdiction in a case requesting interpretation of constitutional language regarding the election, induction, and consecration of bishops of Central Overseas Conferences, and the constitutionality of possible future legislation.

✓ Ruled that an Annual Conference Board of Missions or an Annual Conference Board of Missions and Church Extension may own property and take title in its own name if incorporated and, if not incorporated, in the name of the trustees elected by it.

✓ Reversed a decision by Bishop Hazen G. Werner of Ohio, who had ruled that an Annual Conference cannot properly enact a compulsory apportionment to the ministerial members of the Annual Conference for support of the Minimum Salary Plan or Fund of the Annual Conference.

✓ Upheld a decision by Bishop Nolan B. Harmon of North Carolina that an Annual Conference may approve institutions for annuity responsibility on an adjusted basis and compute its annuity payments on the basis of its appraisal of the adequacy or inadequacy of the pension rate of the institution involved.

✓ Ruled that a retired minister appointed a supply pastor cannot be re-

quired to pay a percentage of his salary into a pension fund.

✓ Decided that the action of the Northeastern Jurisdictional Conference in assigning Bishop Newell S. Booth for episcopal supervision within the Africa Central Conference was constitutional and valid; that the action of the Jurisdictional Conference in granting authority to its Quadrennial Committee on Episcopacy "to determine when the Africa Central Conference may elect a bishop, and to determine that Bishop Booth shall be reassigned to another episcopal area, is invalid because it is based on that part of an enabling act of the General Conference which is unconstitutional."

Name Baltimore Attorney Board of Publication Head

A Baltimore, Md., attorney, F. Murray Benson, is the new chairman of the Board of Publication of The Methodist Church.

Benson was elected to a four-year term at the quadrennial reorganization session of the board in Chicago, Ill. He succeeds Judge William H. Swiggart of Nashville, Tenn., who had served as chairman for 20 years.

Other board officers elected for the 1960-64 quadrennium were Eugene McElvaney, Dallas, Tex., banker, vice chairman, and Dr. Carl Sanders, Richmond, Va., district superintendent, secretary.

The board re-elected Lovick Pierce, Nashville, Tenn., as president and publisher of the Methodist Publishing House for the quadrennium. Also re-named were Dr. Emory S. Bucke, Nashville, book editor; Dr. Henry M. Bullock, Nashville, editor of church-school publications; Leland D. Case, editorial director of *TOGETHER* and *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, and the Rev.

L. Scott Allen, New Orleans, La., editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*. The Rev. Ewing T. Wayland and Richard C. Underwood, both of Chicago, were elected editor of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* and executive editor of *TOGETHER*, respectively.

In his annual report to the board Pierce stated that combined sales of the Methodist Publishing House for the 1959-60 fiscal year totaled \$27,205,272, an increase of \$1,589,023 over the previous year and nearly 5 times more than the sales volume 20 years ago.

Last year, MPH printing plants at Nashville and Cincinnati, Ohio, produced more than 5 million copies of books and 147,285,002 pieces of church-school literature. Abingdon Press, book-publishing unit, turned out 93 new titles.

The board voted to appropriate \$600,000 to be distributed to the church's annual conferences for the benefit of retired Methodist ministers and their widows and dependents.

New members at large elected to the board were Dr. Alexander K. Smith, Philadelphia Conference's Northwest District superintendent, Jenkintown, Pa.; Dr. Marshall T. Steel, president of Hendrix College, Conway, Ark., and William C. Weaver, vice president of National Life and Accident Insurance Co., Nashville.

Bishop Raines Names Aide

Bishop Richard C. Raines of the Indiana Area, has appointed the Rev. Byron F. Stroh as his executive assistant.

Mr. Stroh, superintendent of the Fort Wayne District since 1955, succeeds Bishop Edwin R. Garrison of Aberdeen, S. Dak., who served as Bishop Raines' aide for 10 years before his election to the episcopacy last summer.



Re-elected president and publisher of the Methodist Publishing House, Lovick Pierce (left) of Nashville, Tenn., confers with the new officers of the 45-member Board of Publication, following their election in Chicago. Others (left to right) are F. Murray Benson, Baltimore attorney, board chairman; Eugene McElvaney, Dallas banker, vice-chairman, and Dr. Carl Sanders, Richmond, Va., district superintendent, secretary. All serve four-year terms.



Dr. John W. Dickhaut (center) is inaugurated as president of the Methodist Theological School in [Delaware] Ohio, by Bishops D. H. Tippet (left) and M. W. Clair.

Five Cities Submit Bids For '64 General Conference

The General Conference of The Methodist Church has been invited to hold its 1964 session in five cities—Detroit, Mich.; Kansas City, Mo.; Louisville, Ky.; St. Louis, Mo., and Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Commission on Entertainment of the General Conference, empowered to select the city, and arrange meeting rooms, facilities, housing, and program, has disclosed that formal invitations have been extended by all five cities.

Four of them sent delegations of church leaders and convention bureau managers armed with photos, maps, testimonials, charts, and brochures to a recent commission meeting.

The commission, having already met in St. Louis, will visit Louisville on January 11 and Pittsburgh on January 12 before making its choice.

The responsibility of the 14-member commission, headed by Frank E. Baker of Philadelphia, Pa., has been considerably increased by constitutional changes initiated last spring by the 1960 General Conference in Denver. A pending constitutional amendment, when ratified, will enlarge the General Conference from 900 to 1,400 delegates, increasing housing requirements by 50 per cent and affecting specifications for meeting rooms.

Another amendment specifies that beginning in 1964, the six Jurisdictional Conferences will be held during the two months before the General Conference rather than afterward. It is possible under this change that four or five of

them could meet at the site of the General Conference just before it opens.

Under the new legislation, members of the Jurisdictional Conferences will also be members of the General Conference, with travel expense to the General Conference city borne by the General Administration Fund.

The per-diem allowance for delegates, while attending their Jurisdictional Conference sessions in the General Conference city, will be met from jurisdictional sources.

EUB Not Ready to Merge

The commission on church federation and union of the Evangelical United Brethren Church has formally denied it has made commitments to merge with other denominations.

Bishop Reuben H. Mueller, of Indianapolis, Ind., commission chairman, said a statement of denial was prepared during the commission's annual meeting because questions were being raised throughout the denomination. It referred specifically to reports of union with The Methodist Church.

The EUB General Conference authorized the commission two years ago to study the "possible advantages and potential problems" involved in uniting with Methodists, and to continue "exploratory conversations" with the Methodist Commission on Church Union.

Questions were raised after optimistic reports concerning union appeared in the church and secular press.

75 New Deaconesses Needed

The Methodist Commission on Deaconess Work has set itself new goals to be reached by 1963, when the movement will celebrate its diamond jubilee.

The commission will recruit 75 new deaconesses—one for each year celebrated. It has adopted measures to reach teen-aged prospects and to deepen the work of all deaconesses.

The Methodist Church has 414 active deaconesses; 246 are over age 50. Only 13 are younger than 30.

There will be a recruiting drive among girls of high school and college age. Women who do full-time church work but who have no organic relation to the church also will be invited to become deaconesses.

Recruits will have better orientation, be better informed on church and world affairs and on changing family patterns, and will have more know-how on modern literature, music, and drama.

There will be greater emphasis on Bible study and an understanding of Methodism.

In one fast-growing emphasis, deaconess teams visit college campuses. Young men and women who do not

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know what a deaconess looks like find themselves discussing careers in Christian service. Last year teams visited Amherst, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Kansas Wesleyan, Oklahoma City University, Centenary, and others; in 1961 at least 15 colleges will be visited.

A deaconess can serve the church in any capacity not requiring full clergy rights. She may be a director of Christian education, supply pastor, teacher, nurse or doctor, credit manager, secretary, counselor, or worker in some other occupation.

Among deaconesses now active, 25 per cent are in community centers, 18 per cent in local churches, 15 per cent in homes, 13 per cent in education, 9 per cent in town and country work, 6 per cent in hospitals, and 14 per cent in other work.

The grand old lady of deaconess work, with 63 years' active service, is Orianna Harding, 85, of Deaconess Hospital in Boston.

Africa: 'No' to Third Bishop

The Africa Central Methodist Conference will continue to have only two episcopal areas—Elisabethville (Congo), headed by Bishop Newell S. Booth, and Lourenço Marques (Southern Rhodesia, Mozambique, Angola, Union of South Africa), headed by Bishop Ralph E. Dodge.

The conference, meeting in Nyadiri, Southern Rhodesia, failed to implement a provision created by the 1960 General Conference to elect a third bishop.

The 58 delegates debated the issue of a third bishop for several hours.

Historical Association Endorses Anniversary Sunday

The Association of Methodist Historical Societies has endorsed a proposal designating the first or second Sunday in January each year as Anniversary Day, commemorating the founding of Methodism in 1784 as a church in the U.S.

The association's executive committee, meeting in Washington, D.C., voted preference for the first Sunday as the annual day of observance. But because of possible conflict with Student Recognition Day services sponsored annually on that day by the church's Board of Education, the second Sunday was adopted as an optional date.

The choice between the two dates was left to local churches. The first Sunday of 1961 falls on January 1 and the second January 8. Student Recognition Day is January 1.

Dr. Elmer T. Clark, executive secretary of the association, said it might be possible for local churches to hold both observances simultaneously this year,

CENTURY CLUB

Seven members join *Together's* Century Club this month. Each is a Methodist who has celebrated 100 or more birthday anniversaries. They are:

Edward Zopf, 102, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. D. M. Hicks, 101, Montezuma, Ga.

Mrs. Ida Pitcher, 100, West Webster, N.Y.

Dennis McKinnon, 100, Bellefontaine, Mo.

Dr. J. W. W. Shuler, 100, Hillsboro, Tex.

Mrs. Wilson Treible, 100, Binghamton, N.Y.

Mrs. Jetta Torgerson, 104, Deer Park, Wis.

Names of other Methodists 100 or older not previously published will be listed as received from readers—but please allow two months for publication.

since plans for the first Methodist college—Cokesbury—were laid at Methodism's founding Christmas Conference at Lovely Lane Chapel in



The newest church in the heart of New Orleans is the \$1,750,000, Georgian-design First Methodist Church. The Rev. William O. Byrd is pastor. Following a merger with the Canal Street Church, which was sold for an apartment building, the old First Methodist Church was razed to make way for a right of way for a bridge across the Mississippi.



Sandstone block (lower center by dark box) from John Wesley's birthplace was placed in cornerstone of the First Methodist Church, Clermont, Fla. Participating at laying (left to right): District Superintendent R. A. Alley, Pastor H. T. Heitzenrater, Bishop Ivan Lee Holt (ret.) of St. Louis, Mo.

Baltimore, 1784. Methodism's 175th anniversary was themed in a special issue of *TOGETHER* [November, 1959].

Promotional materials for Anniversary Day will not be available to local churches until next year, according to Dr. Clark. He suggested, however, that observances remain separate from financial appeals, and that pastors preach about the Christmas Conference and the spread of Methodism.

Family Life Hymn Contest

Christian marriage and family life is the subject of a hymn competition sponsored by the Hymn Society of America. It is being held in connection with the North American Conference on Church and Family scheduled at Green Lake, Wis., April 30 to May 5.

Hymns must be submitted to the society at 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y., by February 15.

Methodist Leaders Study Quadrennial Emphases

Nearly 1,000 leaders of The Methodist Church laid the groundwork in Chicago, November 18-20, for launching Methodism's 1960-64 quadrennial program, outlined in this issue by Bishop Gerald Kennedy's article, *We Methodists Are Activists!* [page 14].

Gathered for the District Superintendents' Convocation, the participants—44 bishops, 575 superintendents, and board and agency officials—discussed problems involved in carrying out the new quadrennium's nine "thrusters," which call for few numerical goals and no new organizational machinery.

Dates and procedures for action in the fields of emphasis will be set early in 1961 when the ministers and laymen in each episcopal area meet with their bishops.

Objectives of the quadrennial program were approved by the General Conference in Denver last May, but their actual implementation was left to the Council of Bishops. The council, in turn, named a nine-man committee, headed by Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis, to work out details of the nine thrusts.

"The quadrennial emphases," Bishop Raines told the district superintendents, "call every Methodist to spiritual renewal and spiritual outreach.

"They recognize that what men can do for the kingdom is vital, but that what God has done in Jesus Christ and is doing through the Holy Spirit is decisive. They summon us to recover the New Testament balance between the two. They are based on the belief that a 10 per cent increase—yes, even a 50 per cent increase—in what we are doing now is not enough. Another dimension—a New Testament dimension—must be recovered."

Theme of the 1960-64 emphases is *Jesus Christ Is Lord*, and the nine thrusts are: *Personal Witness and Evangelism; New Churches and Church Schools; The Inner City—Small and Country Parishes; Recruitment and Christian Vocations; Church and Campus; The Family; Christian Social Concerns; Our Mission Today, and Stewardship and Benevolences.*

Convocation keynoter was Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles, president of the Council of Bishops. He

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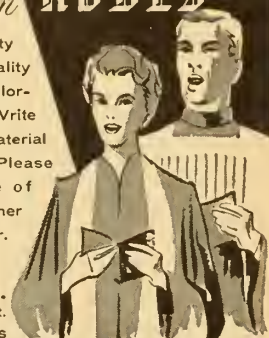
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CHURCH OF APPROXIMATELY 700 members in medium sized city in New York needs person trained as Director of Christian Education and Director of Music. Reply to Box T-86, TOGETHER Advertising Dept., 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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TOURS

AFRICA SIXTEEN COUNTRIES JUNE 30—August 17. For brochure, Rev. Andrew Juvinal, Napu, California.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

JANUARY

- 1—Student Recognition Sunday.
- 4-6—Annual meeting General Board of Education, Nashville, Tenn.
- 6-8—National Conference on Spiritual Birth and Growth for Laymen, Kentucky Lake, Ky.
- 7-14—Universal Week of Prayer.
- 9-10—Annual meeting National Association of Schools and Colleges of The Methodist Church, Denver, Colo.
- 9-12—White House Conference on Aging, Washington, D.C.
- 10-20—Annual meeting, Board of Missions and its divisions, Buck Hill Falls, Pa.
- 21-28—Church and Economic Life Week.
- 28-February 4—Youth Week.

WCS STUDY TOPICS: General Program—*Recalling Our Heritage—Expanding Our Horizons*, by Ruth Pope; Circle Program—*Looking Backward—Thinking Forward*, by Mrs. J. N. Rodeheaver.

challenged The Methodist Church to become "something a great deal more than a second-rate country club," and called on Methodists to stress personal experience with God, belief in results, discipline, and belief in Christian perfection.

Speaking on *New Churches and New Church Schools*, Bishop Paul N. Garber of Richmond, Va., declared that Methodists must organize 1,600 new congregations and 17,428 new church schools in the 1960-64 quadrennium to meet the challenge of the nation's population growth.

Bishop Roy H. Short of Nashville, Tenn., pointed out the needs of *The Inner City—Small and Country Parishes*, listing them as resources, trained and committed leadership, and realistic assessment of the situation through surveys and studies and adaptation of their programs to a new day.

Bishop Paul E. Martin of Houston, Tex., explaining the thrust on *Stewardship and Benevolences*, declared that "World Service is the base line of world outreach."

"Purpose of the 1961 emphasis," he said, "is twofold: to provide a channel by which the individual Christian may grow in the experience of joyous giving, and to stimulate and undergird new and generous support for the World Service program of the church."

Stressing the need for emphasizing *The Family*, Bishop Hazen G. Werner of Columbus, Ohio, said "the quickest and best way to reach America for Christ is through the doorway of the home."

"If Jesus Christ is to be Lord of family life," he continued, "then we will need to challenge every family, beginning with the official board of the

local church, to establish worship in the home, to provide resources in guidance for family worship, and to demonstrate new ways of conducting family prayer."

Commenting on the *Recruitment and Christian Vocations* thrust, Bishop Donald H. Tippet of San Francisco told conferees that the church needs more than 2,000 new ministers annually.

"The great characteristic of our time is that the church is more concerned with social relations," declared another bishop, F. Gerald Ensley of Des Moines, Iowa, speaking of the *Christian Social Concerns* emphasis. "Previous generations were more outwardly devout, but our generation has had greater concern for human welfare."

The conclave was preceded by the semiannual meeting of the Council of Bishops.

In addition to conducting its regular business and indoctrinating 20 new bishops, the council heard reports from Bishops Kennedy, Ensley, Raines, Short, W. Angie Smith, Ivan Lee Holt (retired), and Edgar A. Love on their recent trips to Europe, Africa, and the Far East.

All agreed that church progress has been stimulated rather than deterred by the world's recent political and social upheavals.

CAMERA CLIQUE

The Drums Go Bang: On January 1, 1960, our photographer was up before the sun to get a head start on photographing the Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena, Calif., [pages 76-78]. Over each shoulder was a Nikon, one with Plus-X film and a 35-mm. wide-angle lens, the other sporting Super Ansochrome color film and a 135-mm. telephoto lens. A Rollei flex full of Super Ansochrome hung from a neck strap, and an exposure meter and film bulged his pockets.

Here is his advice on photographing parades: Take close-ups at the marshaling area before the parade. At small parades, walk alongside and shoot; for long marches, find a spot providing good front or side lighting for your subjects and claim squatter's rights. Remember: A high vantage point provides chances for excellent wide-angle and telephoto shots. Don't get in other people's way. And, finally, follow the parade to the dispersal area for more shots. You'll end up with pictures that beat the band!

Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—W. O. Rutz • Page 2 L.—Harry E. Kinley • 4—Esther Henderson, *Arizona Highways* • 7—Watson Photo • 10—*Boston Globe* • 20-21—NASA • 22 Top—NASA, Cen. & Bot.—D. L. Richardson • 23—D. L. Richardson • 26—Bob Johnston, *Syracuse Post-Standard* • 37—Max Londermilk • 38 L.—Markku Lehto • 38-39 Top—Sandra Foley, Bot.—Omnia from Three Lions • 39 R.—Frances Mortimer, Rapho Guilhemette Pictures • 40-41-42-43-44—Methodist Board of Missions • 59-60—Genevieve Finnigan • 64-65-66-67—Paul V. Thomas, *Black Star* • 73—Florida Southern College • 49-70-72-76-77-78—George P. Miller.

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1961 Calendar Pal—Write big in the $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ " spaces so the day's note stands out. Then forget not those appointments, birthdays, etc. Shows current month plus two weeks of the next so you can plan ahead. Better think of a good excuse if you still forget. $16\frac{1}{2} \times 22$ ". \$1. *Walter Drake, TO63 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.*



Decor-Rite—Turn objects into *objets d'art*. Leather-like material applies like wallpaper to smooth surfaces (not plastic); table tops, books, picture frames, lamp shades, etc. Red, blue, green, luggage, pink, gold, white. 15-ft. rolls: 2" wide, \$2; 12", \$5; 18", \$6; other sizes. *Gift Horse, Box 405T, Glen Gardner, N.J.*



For Tee Parties—Golfer's key chain, designed with your favorite putter in mind. Snake chain holds locker, golf bag keys. Quickly detachable $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch "golf ball" engraved with his name marks his ball on the green, aids in return of strayed keys. Rhodium plated. \$1. *Liberty House, Dept. Y-161, 95 South St., Boston 11, Mass.*



Toe Muffs—Greatest advance for ice skaters since blades were invented! *Hotbugs* keep toes toasty warm. One size fits everyone. Genuine lambskin, plastic lined, with sleigh-bell noses, movable eyes. Black, red, or blue, \$1.95 pr. Matching ear muffs, \$1.25. *Horbers, Dept. T, 1459 E. 53rd St., Chicago 15, Ill.*



Cake-Pan Man—You'll go down in family history as cake artist supreme with this snowman/clown cake set! Easy as pie to bake with package mix. Fun to decorate. Thrills everyone. Cake is 8" high, $6\frac{1}{2}$ " dia., serves 10. Set: 4 alum. pans, recipes, decorating instr., \$1.25. *Artisan Galleries, Dept. T, 2100 N. Haskell Ave., Dallas 4, Tex.*

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Bird Adventure Kit—Spark your child's interest in nature and a worthwhile hobby. Set off his imagination with this bird-study kit. Has do-it-yourself pine feeding station, seed, colorful 94-p. book of bird aerodynamics, habits, habitats, etc.; 140 pictures. \$2.95. *Blair's, 25 De Russey Lane, Cornwall, N.Y.*



Girl aloft: Lonnie Vroman clammers through a motorized skeleton of wood and steel.

They Make Money With Floats and Flowers

Skilled MYFers win honors, too, in Pasadena's Parade of Roses.

WHEN THE BIG, flowery floats parade in Pasadena's Tournament of Roses on New Year's Day, 1961, chances are one of the most breath-takingly beautiful of them will have been decorated by young Methodists from the Church of the Good Shepherd in nearby Arcadia. It happened last year, too, when these MYFers produced the sweepstakes winner, *Venus de Milo*.

Unknown to many who watch the parade is the painstaking work behind every float. To tell the story, TOGETHER went behind the scenes with some 40 Arcadia youths who worked in shifts for four days to bedeck the float for the city of Long Beach. It took 31,100 orchids, 4,250 roses, and 1,040 man-hours of work—but it paid off!

The 1960 Tournament of Roses wasn't a Methodist



Neither rigger nor pnpeteer, Bill Roth is pressing thousands of orchid petals on wires.



Girl below: Carole Conger is surrounded by heavenly flowers, but there's nothing wrong with taking time out for an earthly snack.



Float abloom: Chicken wire, plastic, scaffolding, and girders begin to disappear under the flowers. Soon a replica of Venus will reign under a petaled canopy.

Exotic bird: Blue delphinium petals are pressed onto a form by Mrs. Mary Armstrong, supervisor, and Liz Olsen of the MYF. Groups worked eight-hour shifts.



affair, but one might be excused for thinking so. Not only did youths from the Church of the Good Shepherd decorate the sweepstakes winner (it cost the sponsors \$10,000), but the tournament queen—Miss Margarethe Bertelson, 18—is a member of Pasadena's First Methodist Church. While she and her court (see picture at right) presided over the brilliant floral spectacle, other Methodist youth groups were busy up and down the parade route. At Holliston Avenue and Hartzell Memorial Churches, the young workers were renting seats to spectators and selling hot dogs and pop. Proceeds, of course, were earmarked for church and conference youth programs.

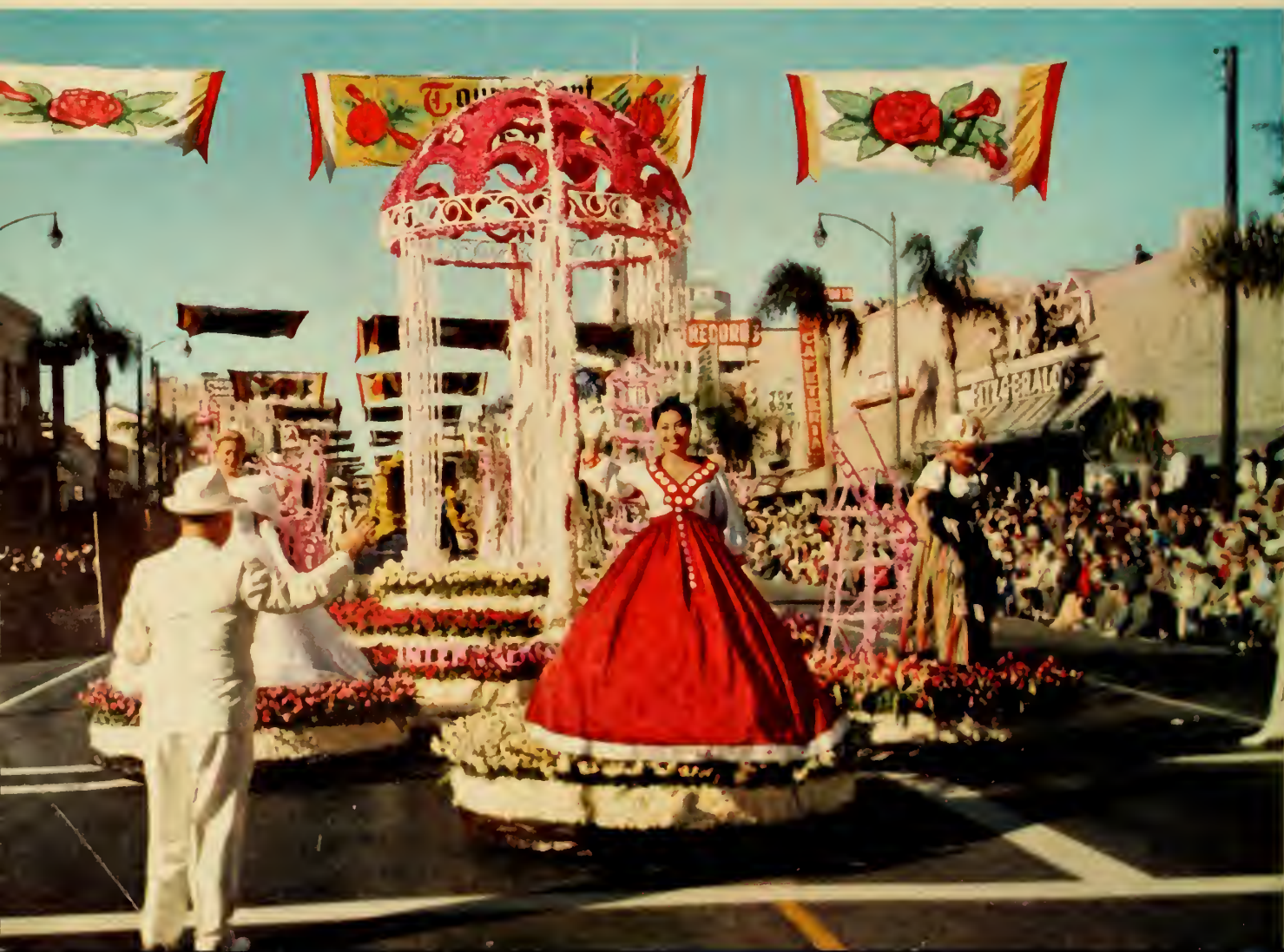
The MYF group at Good Shepherd received \$900 for their part in decorating the 1960 sweepstakes winner. In 1959, they were paid \$900 for the St. Louis float which won the national trophy. In 1958—mere amateurs then, no doubt—they received \$300 for their flower work on the tournament queen's float.

Part of last year's prize money was used to purchase materials for building a cabin on one of the conference campsites in the mountains near Pasadena. The Rev. George Walters, a minister at the church, says: "These cabins are used by conference, district, and local groups. Buying only the materials means that it will be up to our youths and adults to do the building themselves. Oh, well, as the boys and girls say, 'one project into another!'"



Familiar background: A float bearing 1960's tournament queen passes First Methodist Church, of which her highness is a member.

Real, live international beauties surround Venus as the MYF-decorated float moves out to take the sweepstakes!



Time's running out for

Methodist Americana Transparencies

FEBRUARY 10, 1961, may seem a long way off right now, but it will be upon us sooner than we realize. That's the deadline for submitting color transparencies to TOGETHER's Methodist Americana Photo Invitational.

We're looking for vital, story-telling pictures that link American Methodism's dynamic past to the present. Your subject might be a Methodist shrine, a historic church, a campground, a Methodist college—perhaps with people. (For other ideas, see the *Methodist Americana Map*, November, 1959, page 61, also available separately for 50¢ from any Cokesbury Book Store.) From such slides offered by readers, TOGETHER will create a full-color eight-page pictorial feature.

Perhaps you've already taken pictures especially for this purpose. Let's see them! But even if you didn't, be sure to scan your files for slides that illustrate our theme. You may have one we can use!

For each 35 mm. slide accepted, TOGETHER will pay \$25; for larger ones accepted, \$35. So don't miss your chance to contribute to this pictorial feature. Get busy right now—before your calendar shows February 10!

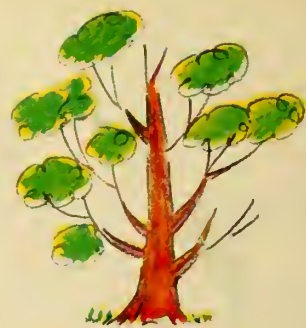
READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. Color prints or color negatives are not eligible.
2. Identify each slide and explain why it is Methodist Americana.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage (do not stick stamps to anything).
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 10, 1961.
5. Original slides bought, and all reproduction rights to them, will become TOGETHER's property. For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of slides purchased.
6. Slides not accepted will be returned shortly after the closing date. Care will be used in handling and returning transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged in transit.



Youthful George Washington's militiamen once routed French forces here near Jumonville, Pa., where today young Methodists regularly gather to study and worship together. This is Methodist Americana!

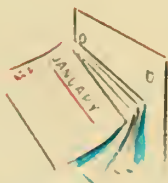
Send to: Methodist Americana, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Illinois.



THIS IS A TREE, IT GROWS. ITS BRANCHES... ARE REACHING OUT.



THIS IS A CHURCH. IT GROWS, TOO, BECAUSE ITS PEOPLE ARE REACHING OUT.



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THE BISHOP WRITES

Men—Mountains—Missions

This is written aboard a slick, sleek speedster of the sky—a 707 Jet Flagship. We pierced the gray blanket which hooded New York's skyline and broke into gay, limitless sunshine. Three and a half hours later our captain is announcing, "We are over the Rockies, and in a matter of minutes we shall be over Salt Lake City."

Flying over the foreboding snow-garmented sentinels of the plains, a prayer echoes through my mind: "O, give us men to match our mountains!"

Men we do have whose ingenuity has created this magnificent leviathan of the air. Men we have who are acquainted with nature's habits and pilot this mammoth flagship with exquisite and fascinating precision over both plain and mountain. These men—builders, fliers and all their associates—match our mountains.

These facts do not answer the prayer. Give us men to match the mountains of ignorance, of prejudice, of selfishness, of callousness; the mountains of man's inhumanity to man; the mountains of man's infidelity to God.

The captain of this ship releases the plane's abundant energy in faith; faith that he who created the universe will be constant in his habit and not unmindful of his promises.

When shall we learn that the God who demands faith of the flier requires it of each of us—faith that he was in Jesus the Christ reconciling us unto himself?

This is the faith that calls us. This is the faith that must command us if we would have "men to match mountains through his grace."

Faithfully,

LLOYD C. WICKE



Pratt Institute Photo

Dr. Robert Fisher Oxnam

Robert F. Oxnam Is Named Drew University President

Dr. Robert Fisher Oxnam, president of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y., has been named president of Drew University, succeeding Bishop Fred Holloway, who was elected to the episcopacy last June.

Dr. Oxnam, son of retired Bishop and Mrs. G. Bromley Oxnam of Scarsdale (N.Y.), is a graduate of DePauw University and earned his master's and doctor of philosophy degrees at the University of Southern California.

He was on the faculty of Syracuse University 1948-1953, first as assistant professor of political science, then assistant dean of the College of Liberal Arts, dean of the School of Speech and Dramatic Arts, and for four years as assistant to Chancellor William P. Tolley.

He was associate professor of government and vice-president for administrative affairs at Boston University, 1953-1957, when he became president of Pratt. He is 45 years old.

Dr. Oxnam is a member of the University Senate of The Methodist Church, and belongs to the Committee on the Structure of the Methodist Church Overseas. He is on the executive boards of more than a dozen institutions, including the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, Hanson Place Central Church, and the Brooklyn YMCA.

He is married to the former Dalys E. Houts, and they have two sons, Robert, 18, and Philip, 15; and a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, 10.

Hauser Heads Laymen

A New York Area Methodist has been named to head the Board of Lay Activities for the Northeastern Jurisdiction. He

is Louis C. Hauser, of 1601 Powers Ave., East Meadow, N.Y., lay leader of the New York East Conference. The election took place at the Ninth Annual Jurisdictional Assembly, October 21-23, at Atlantic City, N.J.

Mr. Hauser is in charge of sales for the medical department of the Voicewriter Division of Thomas A. Edison Industries, McGraw-Edison Co. He was born in Corona, N.Y., and attended school in Floral Park and Hempstead. He is a member of the Community Church of East Meadow, and has served as lay leader, church-school superintendent, and president of the Board of Trustees. He is former lay leader of the Brooklyn South District, and was program co-ordinator for the eighth and ninth Jurisdictional Assemblies.

He is married to the former Frances Fleming, and they have a daughter, Lynn, 21.

Dr. B. Olson in Union Post

Dr. Bernhard Olson, honors graduate of the Theological School in 1952, has been appointed director of a special project in research and consultation in inter-group aspects of Protestant curricula, by Union Theological Seminary.

The project resulted from his research work at Yale Divinity, and is being



Daily Argus Photo

Three-panel "stained glass window," made of evergreens, white branches, and floral cross, forms pulpit background for Christmas at Chester Hill Church, Mt. Vernon (N.Y.). Large red poinsettia plants are at right and left of the Rev. Robt. Payne.

financed at Union for a three-year period by a foundation grant.

He has served churches in Bangall, Pleasant Valley, Hillsdale and Hancock in the New York Conference.



Freeman Photo

Leaders of Fifth Annual Fall Assembly of New York Conf. laymen at Camp Epworth.



Burlington District laymen greet Bishop Wicke at rally in Montpelier (Vt.). From left, are: District Superintendent Elmer N. Haley; the Rev. Clarence Hoch, host pastor; Bishop Wicke; Anthony J. Rose of White River Junction, district lay leader.

Nursing School Gains Support

Vernon Stutzman, Methodist Hospital director, points out that the New York Area Conferences have moved fast to put General Conference legislation in force by underwriting Nursing School costs. The New York and New York East Conference Committees on Hospitals and Homes have already recommended annual grants of \$10,000 to Methodist Hospital School of Nursing. The other two Conferences are studying the proposal.

Methodist Hospital spends more than \$150,000 each year to operate its School of Nursing. The school received 70 freshmen in September to bring its total enrollment to more than 140 nurses.



Miss Luft

Candidate of Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn for Miss Methodist Student Nurse contest is Miss Jean Luft of Flatbush. She was chosen from over 140 nursing students.

Centenary Notes

- *Hack*, 1960 yearbook, won first place in the 26th annual college-yearbook contest sponsored by the Columbia University Scholastic Press Association.
- Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, America's oldest literary magazine, discussed *A Creed for Americans* at a convocation in Whitney Chapel.
- Career Day featured specialists from 21 fields of interest to women, and a vocational guidance director who discussed career qualifications and opportunities. Miss Jean A. Wells, labor economist with the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, spoke on *The College Woman and Her Future*.
- Paul Leonard has been appointed de-

signer and part-time lecturer in theater production. He was formerly art instructor at the Massachusetts School of Art and art supervisor for the Salem High School, Salem, Mass. He served in the army in Japan, where he also studied Kabuki and Noh theater as well as painting.

N.Y. Holds Lay Assembly

Kingston District Superintendent George Werner called for a "new spirit of struggle if we are to survive as a nation," at the Fifth Annual Fall Assembly of New York Conference laymen.

Appearing in the picture (upper left) of the assembly are, (l. to r.) Thomas W. Miller, associate Kingston District lay leader; Morris A. Wiley, associate Poughkeepsie District lay leader; Poughkeepsie District superintendent, Reginald E. Edwards; David Jones, guest speaker; Carl E. Waite, Conference lay leader; Frederic Snyder who spoke on *Christianity and World Events*; the Rev. Alex Porteus, executive secretary of Board of Education and camp director; and Frank S. Beebe, Poughkeepsie District lay leader.

Elected to Legislature

The Rev. Fred Wilcock, retired minister of the New York East Conference, has been elected to the Vermont Legislature.

Former pastor of the Bayside, N.Y., Church, Mr. Wilcock now resides in Sheffield, Vt.



Washington (N.J.) Methodists are close to the \$75,000 target indicated by the Rev. Wesley A. Kemp in the crusade to pay off debt and equip new education building. The long-bowman at left is William Beers, who is chairman of church's campaign executive committee.



Troy Conference ministers spend three and a half days at Methodist Hospital undergoing medical check-ups and observing clinical procedures. Director Vernon Stutzman (center) plans a similar session for each of five supporting Conferences.

JANUARY, 1961

Vol. 5, No. 1

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Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

The Short Circuit

Twenty-five members of the Official Board of the Teaneck (N.J.) Church attended a weekend retreat and planning conference at the North End Hotel, Ocean Grove, N.J. Dr. Joseph M. Blessing reports that commission programs for the year were outlined under the direction of Fred E. Sjogren, lay leader.

The MYF at Ashokan, N.J., produced *Lines of Splendor* as its service project. The play dramatizes the arrival of Irish Methodists in New York, in 1759. It was written by Eleanor Chappell, and was first presented at the John Street church, June 2, at the Heck-Embury bicentennial.

A Wall Street cat made history at the John Street Methodist Church. She came in to inspect the Historical Room, then, in a quiet corner, gave birth to the first set of quadruplets to make their appearance on the site since the founding of the Society, in 1766.

Miss Marion C. Armstrong, a native of Troy (N.Y.), has been reappointed editor of junior materials and audio-visuals, General Board of Education, Nashville.

Miss Priscilla Titemore of St. Albans is the only Vermont member of the Troy Conference MYF Council to be elected a delegate to the Northeastern Regional MYF Workshop, at Lycoming College, next August.

The Rev. Lester E. Loder of Bayside (N.Y.), participated in a state-wide evangelistic mission in Oregon, Ill., following a three-day training session in Bloomington.

The Rev. Floyd E. George of Hanson Place-Central Church, Brooklyn, spent two months on a preaching mission in Cuba, and reports: "It is a nation of great opportunity for the church . . . Christianity has a message which the people of this island sorely need."

Another Area missionary who has stayed at his post in Katanga Province of the Congo is the Rev. Omar Hartzler, former pastor in Pleasantville (N.Y.). A feature article by Walter O'Connell in the *Patent Trader* recalls a letter he wrote last November to the Rev. Kenneth E. Hoover, present pastor of the church, predicting the turmoil in Congo politics.

Community Church, Denville (N.J.), has established a scholarship fund to help members who wish to prepare for positions in the religious field.

Park Church, Elizabeth (N.J.), started as a subdivision of St. Paul's, in 1875. The chapel built that year is now used as the church school. Recently they celebrated their 85th anniversary. The half-century members in the picture below are, (l. to r.): Samuel Blore, Mrs. George Adams, Mrs. John R. Givens, Mrs. Isabelle Edwards, Mrs. Peter N. Dalley, and Mr. Dalley. Other 50-year members are: Mrs. Clarence Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cuberly, Mrs. James Shearer, Miss Selma Carlsen. Each received a memento.

The Rev. Robert A. Klein of Elmont

(N.Y.) conducted *Morning Meditations*, October 2, from WCBS. The Elmont Church is celebrating its 130th anniversary, with Bishop Wicke as the speaker.

Speaking of anniversaries: Central Church, Yonkers, is marking its 50th, Hawthorne (N.J.), its 65th, and Cokesbury (N.J.), its 150th.

Mrs. Merritt Queen, wife of the Pound Ridge (N.Y.), minister and director of Children's Work for the NYE Conference Board of Education, is author of *Music for Primaries* in the October issue of *Music Ministry*, a Methodist periodical.

Little Falls (N.J.), honored Robert W. Carson on Layman's Sunday. He is Newark Conference lay leader and has served his church as chairman of the Finance Commission, lay leader, chairman of the Official Board, trustee and delegate to Annual Conference.

Jack Grenfell, Jr., son of the Rev. and Mrs. Jack Grenfell of Hartford, Conn., has transferred from Drew to Alaska University.

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, who has returned to the *National Radio Pulpit* for his annual fall and winter series, is one of four Methodists on the 1960-61 program of the *Chicago Sunday Evening Club*. He will speak February 12.

Mrs. Harold Moser, wife of the pastor of Cokesbury and Oldwick (N.J.) Churches is recovering from severe injuries sustained in an auto accident, July 1, as the family was returning from the Pastors' School at Ocean Grove. Their daughters—Martha, 15, and Judy, 13—were also hurt.

Edward M. Herrschaft, newspaper publisher and a member of Andrews Church in Brooklyn, (N.Y.), was a speaker at the 20th Annual Conference breakfast of the Brooklyn Post Office, St. George Association, at Goodsell Memorial Church.

Bishop Wicke delivered the Refromation Sunday address at a united service,

(Continued on page A-4)



Drennan Photo Service

New minister of Hillside (N.Y.) church, the Rev. J. W. Clayton, is welcomed at reception by neighboring pastor, the Rev. W. D. Osborne of Searing Memorial.

The World Seen at Home

Graphic displays, motion pictures, missionaries, puppet shows, treasure exhibits, and addresses by world-famous church leaders brought the missions story home to several thousand Methodists of the New York East Annual Conference on November 6.

The New Haven District held a festival in Bristol, Conn., with Bishop Wicke as the speaker; and the New York District held its festival in Norwalk, Conn., with the addresses at two services given by Bishop James K. Mathews of the Boston Area.

The New Haven festival included "tours" of the exhibits conducted by missionaries and directors of the various mission projects represented.

Special features of the New York District event were a poster contest by MYF members and the collection of a large van of clothing for distribution by Church World Service.

Festivals will be held in the Brooklyn North and South Districts, January 29, at Riverhead, N.Y.; February 5, in Rockville Centre; and February 12, at Hanson Place Central Church, Brooklyn.



Six of 11 half-century members of Park Church, Elizabeth (N.J.), cut 85th birthday cake.

A Missionary's Letter About Congo Events

A day-to-day existence as African destinies shift in and about Jadotville is described by the Rev. Avery Manchester, formerly of the New York East Conference, who has returned with his family to their mission base after a trip through the Rhodesias.

Excerpts from a recent letter follow:

"We are seriously taking stock of our work, to see whether the contribution we can make here is worth the strain on us all, or whether we should leave before we are chased out. It has been the policy of our mission to put a great amount of responsibility in African hands, for one reason because we are always so short of missionary personnel, so we are in a favorable state.

"We are following the Kassavubu-Lumumba fracas with great interest, hoping that the outcome will bring stability to the Congo instead of war. If Lumumba gets a vote of confidence, all the white people will leave, even in the Katanga, I think. Thank God for the UN, though, and the way they have held the thing together thus far.

"Perhaps you saw the destruction in Jadotville on TV. Don't judge the people too harshly for taking those things which they have long coveted, when the white men fled. It was an invitation to thievery, and mob violence followed.

"Nor should we be too quick to blame Belgium for failing to prepare the people for self-government, as her long-range program of preparing a broad base of education and gradual social development was cut short by the sudden insistence upon independence NOW.

Both sides have their grievances, and all must share the blame as they have shared the consequences. It is on the level of personal relationships that we can build understanding, but the idea of white supremacy dies hard here in Africa.

"For 50 years our mission has, along with many others, been teaching respect for the individual, and the value of human life as Christ demonstrated these ideas. We must share in the responsibility

of the present revolution. The old order is gone forever, shaken off by the tremor of the awakening billion. We hope to be able to carry on our work, and trust that God will lead us, as He has in the past. Please pray for us."

Drew's News



- The annual Missions Emphasis Program conducted by the Board of Missions was held at the Theological School. The missionary speakers included: Thomas Cloyd, the Congo; Mr. and Mrs. Olin Stockwell, Singapore; and Dr. Melville O. Williams, Personnel Secretary of the New York office of the Board of Missions.
- Fourteen women are enrolled in the Theological School. Eleven are in a two-year course preparing to become directors of Christian Education and to receive the Master of Religious Education professional degree. The other three are enrolled in the regular Bachelor of Divinity program.
- Clifford C. Smith of Livingston, N.J., has been appointed comptroller and director of Non-Academic Personnel.
- Dr. Stanley Romaine Hopper, dean of the Graduate School and Professor of Christian Philosophy and Letters, participated in a discussion series entitled *The Jewish Christian Dialogue*, at Temple B'nai Abraham, in Newark, N.J.
- Bishop Fred G. Holloway of the West Virginia Area and past president of Drew, delivered the address at the Founders' Day Convocation, on the subject, *History, Philosophy, and the University*.

In Memoriam

New York East Conference

The Rev. Albert Cann
October 22, 1960
Dr. Halford E. Luccock
November 5, 1960
The Rev. Donald H. Dorchester
November 15, 1960

• Mrs. Christine R. Downing, a student in the Graduate School, has just been awarded a \$1,200 Wainwright House Scholarship for her essay *Beyond the Horizon*. The essay contest was conducted in conjunction with a seminar on *Science and the Total Nature of Man*.

Milport Church (Troy), has joined TOGETHER magazine All-Family Plan.

The Short Circuit

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at Bay Ridge Church, Brooklyn. Other congregations participating were from Bethelship, Elim, Fisherman's, Fourth Avenue, and Sunset Park.

Miss Patricia L. Benedict of Baldwin (N.Y.), a Duke University student, is studying this year at Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India, under the *Year of Study Abroad* program sponsored by the MSM and the Board of Missions.

Mrs. Barber L. Waters of Syracuse has been elected president of the WCTU. She is the mother of the Rev. Barber L. Waters, Jr., of Asbury Church, Crestwood, and the Rev. William Waters of Center Moriches (N.Y.).

Eighty-four young people representing 11 churches presented the 95 *Theses of Martin Luther* at a Reformation Service sponsored by the Irvington (N.J.), Council of Churches.

Frankford Plains (N.J.), Church is 250 years old, and the present building, 100.

Bruce Jensen and Zac Cande of Simpson Church, Amityville (N.Y.), have received God and Country awards.

A Methodist Good Will Tour will be conducted July 20-September 4, to Europe, the Holy Land, and Oslo in connection with the World Methodist Conference. Dr. Karl Quimbly, 450 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., will direct the tour.

A new book, *Communism and the Churches*, by the Rev. Ralph Lord Roy has just been published by Harcourt, Brace. Mr. Roy is associate minister of Grace Church, New York City.



Live manger scene on lawn of Richmondville (N.Y.) church. From left are: Donna Raymond, Dick Dibble, Shelia Hill, Mrs. Phyllis Slater, Stan Crapser, Bill Winchell, and Lawrence Curtis.



Bishop Wicke tells consecration congregation at Westwood (N.J.) that church symbolizes faith in future. Dist. Supt. Harold N. Smith and the Rev. J. G. Rhinesmith participated in the service.

